

THE MIRROR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1848.

PROGRESS OF REVOLUTION.*

THE European revolutions are, as yet, far from having attained their ultimate development. We have witnessed great and important changes, but these changes, we feel assured, are but the forerunners of others still more portentous, still more full of significance, still more calculated to influence the destiny of nations. History teems with the records of revolutions: revolutions not merely in the ordinary acceptation of the word—the subversion of one government and the establishment of another upon its ruins—but revolutions in the aspect and condition of society throughout the world. The ancient power of Rome could not save her from lapsing into bondage; the pride and glory of the Venetian republic gave way before despotism; Spain lives only in her splendid traditions; and France continued for ages to sink, until she reached the lowest depths of debasement and degeneracy. The provinces of the Roman empire have become empires in their turn—all alike have felt the force of change; a prodigious and iron despotism reigns in the North; and the once imperial races of the South have subsided into the enervation of slavery. And now that France has set the example of overthrowing a dynasty, and asserting the supremacy of the people, we find men like Lord Brougham shamelessly coming forward to throw discredit on the early efforts of liberty; to satirise the young Republic, and predict its ruin ere it has emerged from the first confusion of its creation.

To those who called to mind the history of the late monarchy, the record of its follies and its crimes, who remembered the condition to which it reduced the French nation, to what a state of abject servitude that nation had fallen, into what confusion the finances of the empire had been plunged; how its commerce had been shackled, how its foreign relations had been complicated,—to those who recollect these facts, it could not appear surprising that the patience of France should at last be exhausted, and that it should, weary of injury, at last rise and hazard all in a struggle with the reigning powers. That struggle was sudden, short, and decisive; the people overthrew their monarch, drove away his ministers, and once more assumed the imperial power—a power which had been confided to a king, had been betrayed, and was now taken back to be placed in more worthy hands. The revolution was a shock. The French were startled, if not stunned, by the recoil of that blow which had crushed all the reigning powers; and it is not surprising that they should have, for a moment, stood gazing in bewildered surprise at the results of their own act. But this ir-resolution was of short duration; the formation of a provisional government was

* 1. Lord Brougham's Letter on the French Revolution—2. The Late Melancholy Events at Milan—3. The Milanese Manifesto. 4. The Austrian Emperor's Proclamation.

as prompt as the fall of the monarchy was sudden. The world is well acquainted with the history of the Republic since its establishment in February; and now, within eight months of that event, we observe the French nation calmly deliberating on the choice of a constitution. A few accidents have occurred, a few tumults have taken place, and some misfortunes, and, perhaps, a few crimes, remain on the record of these eight months. We do not put ourselves forward as the defenders of all the acts of the Provisional Government under Lamartine, nor do we affirm that the conduct of General Cavaignac and his colleagues has been altogether unimpeachable; but we do take upon ourselves to say that no era of history in this or any other country presents a spectacle more honourable to the prudence, patience, and forbearance of a nation than the few months which have elapsed since the glorious three days of February.

We witness, therefore, with sorrow and indignation, even with shame—for he is a subject of this empire—the disgraceful efforts now making by Lord Brougham to throw discredit and ridicule on the endeavours of the French people to rise from the degeneracy in which they have so long vegetated. Lord Brougham is possessed of the most brilliant abilities, and therefore are his errors less excusable. Every one is acquainted with his political career. Once—and to his infamy be it spoken—he was numbered among the most honest of the supporters of liberalism in this country; he was the friend of the people, the advocate of reform, the steady enemy of privilege, and the consistent defender of popular rights. Then he was respected, then he was admired. He was elevated, by the accidents of fortune, to the peerage; he was shocked and disgusted with the routine, the obstinacy, the tyranny, and cupidity of the hereditary House, and consulted counsel as to whether he could be allowed to relinquish the honour he then looked upon as disgraceful, and expressed extreme disappointment when informed that it was impossible. He said he wished to leave the ranks of hereditary and obstructive legislation, and take his seat more among the representatives of the people; but the House of Peers soon reconciled itself to Lord Brougham's tender conscience, and he was speedily numbered among the most conspicuous of the serviles. The people looked upon him as one who would adhere to their cause, and infuse something of vitality and liberalism into the drowsy House of Lords. But experience undeceived them; they found a shameless enemy where they looked for a steadfast friend.

It is well known how his lordship has, since his elevation to the peerage, obstructed the course of progress. It is well known what an enemy he has proved himself to the poor and indigent; how he has fawned and crawled at the foot of power, and twisted, and turned, and changed his coat at every variation of party; how he has attached himself to one cause and then deserted it; how he has prostituted his great talents to the worst of political purposes; and how he has, in a word, forfeited all claim to respect as a statesman, and admiration as a friend to his country. His efforts in the cause of negro emancipation have been great and valuable; but these praiseworthy actions, thrown into a balance and weighed against others of a contrary nature, are of little significance.

Lord Brougham, upon the establishment of the Provisional Government, at once deserted the cause of the dynasty, and begged and prayed to be naturalised as a French citizen. But the Republican people of France were ashamed to receive one whose political treachery was so notorious. Even had they felt inclined to take him, they feared his want of faith, and could not be prevailed upon to receive among them a man whom they at once feared and despised—feared, as an able political writer; despised, as a turncoat, a charlatan, and an intermeddling babbler. They therefore spurned his application, and caused him to understand that the Republic would not begin by countenancing an individual who had so notoriously deserted his party, betrayed his cause, and brought eternal political disgrace upon his name. His lordship winced under the significant reproof, and, animated by all the most bitter feelings of spite, malice, and revenge, determined to exert his influence to the detriment of the government

and the nation which had refused to sanction such flagrant political profligacy. But we attach too much importance to his lordship. Let the reader read the letter which has suggested these remarks. He will at once perceive that its author is ignorant both of the real causes of the revolution, and the significance it possesses with regard to the general destinies of Europe. Let us hear his lordship's exposition of the virtue and vices of the fallen dynasty:—"The sovereign could not stir without an effectual constraint upon all his motions; the law could not be violated by any minister or any public functionary; the affairs of the nation were subjected to constant discussions in a public and independent assembly, responsible only to the country; the conduct of every person in the service of the State was liable to be examined and his demerits not only exposed but punished by persons whom the voice of a considerable portion of the people commissioned to perform that duty. Compared with these virtues which the constitution undeniably possessed, all its vices shrink into nothing compared with the solid practical good which it secured; all the further advantages which might have been desirable were really hardly worth a struggle—assuredly worth no struggle that could endanger the first of all blessings, the country's peace."

This is Lord Brougham's opinion of the subject. We beg leave to differ from him. Whence came all the corruption and profligacy; all the vice and immorality; all the tyranny and dishonesty; the grinding of the people, and the misapplication and fraudulent expenditure of the public money which, in our humble opinion, were the real causes of the late revolution? His lordship thinks differently; he ascribes the Paris revolution almost entirely to the threatened suppression of the February dinner:—

"The indignation of the multitude in Paris suddenly burst forth, because the police threaten to stop a dinner and a procession; an armed mob assists the authorities; an accident renews the conflict after it had of itself died away; and the accident occasions unnecessary bloodshed; the populace, further exasperated, march to the National Assembly, and without the assent of any regular body whatever, of which no one had ever dreamt an hour before."

It does not appear to have struck his lordship that the suppression of the dinner was an act of tyranny which formed the apex of a system; and it was to avenge the wrong of years, the insults and oppression of a whole reign that "the handful of armed ruffians"—by which Lord Brougham means the people of Paris—rose as one man, with one heart and one purpose, and bursting the rusty shackles of their slavery, declared themselves once more free. It is easy for his lordship to talk of "the deplorable condition in which it (the revolution) has left France;" he may sneer as much as he pleases at the "improvised constitution;" at "monarchies destroyed at a blow;" and at the "fantastic operation" which brought about the establishment of the Republic. France, let him be assured, can never be reduced, under the new order of things, to a state of deeper degradation, more abject slavery, than that which it groaned under during the reign of the Orleans dynasty. Louis Philippe reigned for himself and his sons, rather than for the French people; and the French people, conscious at last of their own injuries, and their own rights, rose and drove him with ignominy from his throne.

Lord Brougham prates with wonderful facility on the "inestimable blessings of a free government," a "popular legislature," and numerous other questions and subjects with which his long experience fits him well to deal. But when he comes to make an application of his theory he forgets and contradicts himself, and reveals his musty, servile notions with the most ludicrous gravity. Altogether the pamphlet is a mass of contradiction. It blames the European powers for sanctioning the French revolution, and almost in the same sentence expresses a love of peace—as if the hostility of a single nation would not have plunged all the Continent in a war! Lord Brougham may have gained in literary reputation by this letter, but not certainly in legislative fame: we advise him to keep clear for the future of such subjects. As a states-

man he is dead. Nothing can wipe out the stain which rests upon his political character, nothing can cause us to forget that he deserted and betrayed the cause of reform, and, influenced by the most servile motives, joined the ranks of the Lords, amongst whom, in the days when he was an honest politician, he was ashamed to sit. Because the French people were aware of him, and refused, with anger and contempt, his request to be naturalised by them, he now joins the crusade against the young liberties of France. The public, however, will know well how to estimate the worth of the pamphlet, which recalls to every mind the melancholy recollection of the vacillation, servility, and want of faith evinced by a learned and able statesman.

The impulse communicated by France was felt all over the Continent. Wherever absolute power reigned, the news of the French insurrection acted with prodigious effect, and caused the spread of feelings which it is ever the interest of tyrants to suppress. So long as a nation is ignorant of its own strength—so long as it suffers wrong without knowing that it is wrong—so long as it can be made to look upon injustice as justice, on tyranny as good government, on slavery as happiness, and the natural lot of man—so long is the despot safe; but once communicate to a people the knowledge of its true rights—once allow the national opinion to find a vent through the press, and explain to the public understanding the power which lies inactive in enslaved masses—once show it the hideous forms of tyranny in their true light—once show it on which side justice is arrayed, and breathe the name of freedom in its ear, and from that hour it is only an arm of iron that can keep that nation down. The powers of the Continent well know this; Nicholas the Czar depends for safety not so much on his formidable armies, on his fortresses, on his desert prisons in Siberia, as on the entire ignorance in which his subjects are plunged. It is the same all over Europe; knowledge puts a keen sword in the hands of the people, and arms them against their oppressors. Of all the boasted and ostentatious systems of education on the Continent, is there one conducted in a liberal spirit? Not one. That of Prussia especially was established with no other object than that of training young slaves in the ways of slavery; of teaching men to grovel in the earth before their tyrants, and of excluding them from the knowledge of justice and truth. Place the education of opinion in the hands of the Legislature, and you bestow on it a privilege which will ensure its supremacy in spite of every opposing obstacle; it has ever been so. But it is not so easy in the present day to exclude the insinuating principles of real knowledge, by whatever barriers you may seek to accomplish the task. True education is like a sea; it rises and spreads, and nothing can arrest its progress; its waters will filter through the most complicated system of obstruction, and no country can wholly escape the contagious principle. So it was with Prussia; the people, in spite of their rulers, could not avoid making the discovery that they had for years been working out their own misery—that they had been made the tools of a vain tyrant—that what they formerly were accustomed to be proud of was the very thing which tended to keep them down, to prolong their slavery, to deprive them of the rights of man. This conviction once established in the public mind, there was an end of absolutism, and Prussia constrained her king to grant her a constitution. She now enjoys that constitution, such as it is—imperfect, ill-constructed, formed of incongruous materials, but yet better than a tyranny. The democratic principle is far too slight, but it is there—a beginning has been made. The king and the aristocracy of Prussia have been compelled, contrary to their inclinations, to adopt a constitution, and to reign in common with the representatives of the people. The development of liberal principles may be slow in that country, but the seed has sprung above ground, and there is a fair prospect of its arriving, at some future day, at a rich and glorious maturity. The first meetings of the National Assembly have taken place; they were succeeded by riots and contests, attended with bloodshed in the streets, caused by the obstinacy of the reigning powers. These have been succeeded by order

and tranquillity; it has been demonstrated that the people are no longer slaves, no longer a contemptible, ignorant mob, willing to be led by the nose to their own destruction; and the results of this new state of affairs will doubtless be shown in the increased and permanent happiness of the nation.

Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland, because they have long progressed, slowly and methodically, but yet directly, towards reform, have escaped the fiery flood of revolution. They were already in motion—at a snail's pace, it is true, but yet they were in motion, towards liberty, and needed not the violent shock of an insurrection to put them on the track. They were not despotisms, and they did without barricades; they possessed no tyrants, and had, therefore, none to overthrow. While the rest of the Continent, therefore, was in tumultuous confusion at the sound of the Republican *reveille*, sounded with so much vigour in the French metropolis, these states pursued their even and pacific course towards complete constitutional freedom. Turning to Germany, the same pleasant picture is not there to be witnessed; with the news of the overthrow of the dynasty of France there were imported into that country a set of new ideas, ideas wholly opposed to the old forms of opinion. The fire that had been slumbering beneath the dusty pedantry of universities, and the blundering stupidity of the people, burst forth with alarming strength, and swept over the whole surrounding regions. Concessions were made, dictated by alarm, and these concessions were afterwards sought, by the blind obstinacy of princes, to be withdrawn. New insurrections sprang out of the ashes of old ones. Dependent provinces began to assert their claims to nationality,—the peasants rose against the nobles,—the middle classes rose against those who unjustly taxed them,—the slave rose against his master;—in a word, the oppressed rose in a mass against their oppressors.

Amidst the general disorganisation of the Continent, a disorganisation which, strange as it may appear, had its origin in the principles of justice and liberty, Austria was destined to play a conspicuous part. In its very nature this empire is not adapted to withstand the shock of a revolution, composed as it is of elements so cumbrous and disjointed. There is no nationality in Austria; her population has been formed—if we may so express it—out of the wrecks of other nations; slaves have been added to slaves generation after generation, until the whole mass, artificially connected, and with no principle of union, no principle of fraternity to cement its several sections together, seems likely to part into a number of fragments, each of which may have its significance in Europe. The first symptoms of transition appeared in the streets of Vienna. Prince Metternich, one of the most unprincipled and profligate of modern statesmen, was suddenly hurled from power, and driven to seek hospitality in a country whose enemy he has ever proved himself to have been. A succession of *émeutes* and insurrections followed. The emperor was not true even to himself: he could not see that the citizens of Vienna, though they might for a time be agitated by the breath of that revolutionary spirit which urged the French to shake off the shackles of despotism, though they might for an hour be roused to a sense of their condition, to a knowledge of their interests, and to a just perception of their rights, were still slaves in heart, unworthy of freedom, unworthy of liberal institutions. They had been accustomed to lick the dust at their emperor's feet; and that emperor, who would sell them, and bruise their heads and trample in their blood while they grovelled beneath his feet, was terrified at the first appearance of resistance, fled from his capital, and sneaked away at the time when he was most wanted to repress the ebullition of popular feeling. But the Viennese proved themselves utterly unfit for the honours of freedom; they again fawned and whined around their cowardly monarch, and once more consented, at his command, to gather into armies, and do battle against the cause of liberty in every surrounding country. Italy rose in arms against its foreign tyrants, and we have not seen the last of the struggle. Hungary raised the standard of rebellion and set defiance in the face of Austria; the Hungarian party, the friends of freedom, were strong at Vienna, and the

present month has witnessed another collision of classes in that city. The Viennese rose once more; most of the National Guards immediately fraternised with them; and a large portion of the troops sent to overcome the tumult consented to fight under the national banner. They defeated the Nassau Artillery regiment, and drove every enemy from his post. The city was taken possession of; barricades arose as if by magic in the streets; and the din and tumult of an insurrection once more startled the repose of Vienna. Success was on the side of liberty; and the emperor, the father of his people, the revered monarch, again stole away. He could not remain true even to his own cause. He preferred sneaking away under a military guard to a distant place of retreat to facing the difficulties of the moment. Conscious of his own tyrannous actions—of his many crimes against the people—of all his broken promises and violated pledges—he dared not meet the glance of his asses of subjects. In spite of the forces of Croatia and the other Slavonic nations—in spite of the co-operation of the German Arch-duchies, there is a hope that Hungary will be enabled to declare herself independent. The armies of the Ban have met with signal reverses, and the resources of Austria will not enable her to sustain a protracted and sanguinary struggle against justice and honour; so that it is, nevertheless, probable that the termination of the conflict will find Hungary the triumphant nation. It is for the Viennese to prove now whether they are worthy of freedom. They may yet wipe off the stain of former follies. Austria is not so confident as some would seem to believe; she trembles at her own position, and endeavours to gain time to collect her forces. Italy has every prospect of, in the end, being entirely parted from her; and the other races inhabiting the countries between the Danube and the Carpathian hills may not altogether adhere to their Austrian rulers, especially when circumstances make it evident that the struggle between a dependency and the parent state does not always result in success for the latter.

Russia, meanwhile, appears to be relinquishing all active participation in the affairs of the Continent, in order to concentrate her power directly upon herself. The Czar is well aware that if he puts an army in motion and sends it across the Danube he will devastate, not a foreign empire, but the gigantic empire which, debased and enslaved though it be still, requires all the military force at his command to keep down to the level of obedience; for, although he has well rivetted the chains of bondage upon his people—although he has hitherto succeeded in shutting out from their minds almost every spark of knowledge—although he has reduced them nearly to the condition of animals—although he has deprived them of all the privileges of citizens and crushed them to the most abject servitude, yet he may be assured there is vitality in Russia as well as elsewhere; the principles of freedom and justice exist there, though in a latent form; and if the army, the right-arm of a tyrant, be dispatched on a foreign errand, the despotism of the throne is not worth many hours' purchase. In spite of spies and secret agents, of dishonest postal regulations, in spite of informers and traitors, the knowledge of freedom will gain ground in Russia, as it has gained ground in every other country of Europe. It will surely be succeeded by the spread of the insurrectionary virus. There have been such things as conspiracies even in St. Petersburg. Men can plot in chains; their plans may take long to ripen, but having arrived at maturity, the tremendous out-burst of a revolution in the city of the Czar would be attended with more horrors than in almost any other capital of Europe. Ignorance, while it unfits men for freedom, also deadens in their minds the feeling of humanity. The first dawn of political education would be sufficient to enrage the people against their oppressors, but it would not be sufficient to temper their vengeance with mercy. Let the Czar, therefore, look well to it; his empire is colossal, but are its foundations sure? Is there no secret agency at work which may undermine it? Are the barriers of Russia so exclusive or impenetrable as to resist the entrance of every particle of that knowledge so useful to nations, so dangerous to their despotic rulers, that union is strength; that

justice is on the side of the masses; and that the masses, as shown by the example of the other nations, may, if they rise with one leader and one heart, prevail against all the multitudinous and varied engines of tyranny.

In Italy, as we have said, the revolutionary epidemic has spread with amazing vigour, but the people have not risen so much against national as against foreign oppressors. Austria is their enemy, and it is against Austria they must contend. With respect to the relations at present existing between the Italians and the Pope, it is evident that his holiness was urged by circumstances to enter upon the path of reform. Whether his inclinations also led him that way, or whether he only obeyed the force of events, it is difficult and would be, perhaps, unfair and premature to judge, for statements are conflicting, and opinions at variance. Certain, however, it is that the Italians will no longer suffer themselves to be crushed down by any manner of despotism, temporal or spiritual. If they succeed in throwing off the yoke which has so long oppressed them—which they will surely do, though the work may be long of accomplishment—let them be cautious how they trust the specious promises of Charles Albert, who, in our opinion, is no more the man to work out the regeneration of Italy than is the Pope himself; the one is too weak, the other too selfish. Carlo Alberto is aiming, we are assured, rather at his own aggrandisement than at the welfare of Italy, and it behoves that country, therefore, to be on her guard, lest in escaping from the tyrannous grasp of one despot—an open and avowed despot—she may fall into the hands of another, a traitor to her, who would secure his power by deceit, and win the supremacy of Italy by a lie. The base conspiracy of July, 1847, ought to have instructed the Italians to be watchful, never to trust to the appearance of calm and tranquillity. The Pope then proved himself their friend; he may hereafter do much for his country, but he faltered when the critical moment arrived; and it is not in him that Italy must look for a saviour. She must be her own saviour. The Roman people, if they would resume a position among nations, must summon back the energies which once gave them the supremacy of the world. A race that depends for regeneration on foreign aid is not worthy of it.

Other countries more removed from the centre of the revolution have, nevertheless, felt its force; petty *émeutes*, insignificant risings, easily suppressed, and terminating without honour or benefit to either party, have given proof of this. These movements will result, at present, in nothing; the principle of change is not rooted deeply enough among the races—we speak of the Egyptians, and the populations of Turkey among them—to produce any sensible effect. But the whole world is passing through a period of transition, and they in their turn will confess the full influence of that principle which admits the right of an oppressed people to stand up and levy war in defence of the natural privileges of man. "Why should we starve and exist in a condition below that of the beasts of the field while our rulers fatten on our industry?" will be the question that the nations will put to themselves; and the answer will be found in the arming of multitudes, the erection of barricades, and the stern defiance of an irritated people. The process will inevitably be gone through. There is no resisting the course of events; and history will, one day or another, have to chronicle the upsetting of every despotic throne, the destruction of every tyrannical dynasty, the assertion of every nation's rights. One way or another must this result be arrived at; either the people will advance along the road of reform peaceably, quietly demanding and receiving concessions step by step, or they will rush towards the accomplishment of their object with arms in their hands—the door that is not opened to them they will burst and break down. There are only two roads which lead towards the required end: the smooth but lengthened one of reform, and the short but bloody path of insurrection.

It is for the despots of the Continent to choose their way. Revolution must and will make progress; whether it proceed peacefully and methodically or by sudden and rapid degrees it remains for the ruling powers to choose. Here at

home we have no need of insurrection; we want no barricades, no *bonnet rouge*, no popular risings, nor armed demonstrations; our progress towards reform will lie along the road of public opinion, and the constitution will, in all likelihood, reach its ultimate development without the exchange of a blow. This termination may not be arrived at for a considerable period, but it will be reached one day or another. The death-warrant of Charles the First, signed in the cause of liberty and justice, forms the last page, we trust, in the history of English insurrection. It was the shedding of that blood which produced this happy result; and now, in spite of all the efforts made by crack-brained agitators and insane demagogues, who endeavour to further their own interests whilst deceiving the popular mind, we may look for the calm and peaceful progress of political reform.

THE OLD HAWTHORN TREE IN THE OLD GREEN LANE.

By FANNY E. LACY.

"He is a stranger in his own birth-place, and if, amid all, there be one object which still remains unchanged, and to which, in its unchangeableness, he still, with the love of long years, fondly clings, it is the old hawthorn tree, in the old green lane."

English Country Life, page 15.

'Tis pleasant to ramble the woodland again,
To the old hawthorn tree, in the dear old green lane;
Where we wreath'd our straw hats in our childhood's glad days,
And laughingly scrambled through wild hedge-row ways;
And its sweet snowy blossoms waved high in the breeze,
Towards our white cottage that peep'd through the trees:
For we've wander'd, my friend, but to meet once again,
By the old hawthorn tree in the dear old green lane.

But where is the home of our youth's summer days,
With its casement reflecting the sun's ling'ring rays?
The wide-opened portal—the echoing mirth—
The heart-breathing welcome—the friend-circled hearth?
And where are the forms unto both of us dear,
With the voices affection still seemeth to hear?
Gone—gone with the days we shall ne'er see again,
By the old hawthorn tree in the dear old green lane.

New forms and new dwellings around us arise,
And the past are but visions for memory's sighs;
As time onwards sweeping, with still restless wing,
Over earth, and o'er every earthly-born thing:
The sun lights the landscape all bright as before,
But the days that are gone none can ever see more:
'Tis Spirit and Nature alone blooms again,
Like the old hawthorn tree in the dear old green lane.

A STROLL IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

By HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

HYDE-PARK-GARDENS on the right hand—being so named, I suppose, on the *a non lucendo* principle, similarly to Spring-gardens, which have no gardens—an ironical appellation, I take it, bestowed upon that which possesses least of what it has its name from; as in the poorest localities, there is the denomination of “rents,” where rent may be the last thing looked for; a highly-commendable as well as singularly-powerful practice, which educes things from the absence of them. Hyde-park-gardens consist of a magnificent range of mansions, rising from the basement to the parapet—as most mansions must—and looking like one long large palace, except that there are too many street-doors—Hyde-park-gardens on my right hand, and the Victoria-gate and the railing of Hyde-park on my left.

The gate I entered. I left on one side the trim lodge and its pretty garden, really a little realm of variety; everything so neat, and every arrangement effected so in miniature. You might imagine the fairy people, the only race fitted to tread these walks and overlook these tiny *parterres*. On the left I survey the gentle slopes of that best half of Hyde-park, extending from the magazine westwards, and catch in the distance the foliage in the neighbourhood of the Serpentine, with glimpses of more remote green.

The entrance gate of Kensington-gardens is an unobtrusive entrance, which stands in a corner; the door, too, has a circular peephole of brass, something like the ventilator of an oven, which can be made blank, or turned open at the desire of the person inside, to whom is committed the task of making use of it; the obvious purpose of which gate-fitting is to take a sight, as it is vulgarly called, upon occasion of an applicant for admission. There are exceptions, I have a dreamy notion, to the broad privileges of entry accorded to the public desirous of seeing the other side of the wall of Kensington-gardens, and inclined to inspect the objects of interest contained there. I know I have never been stopped myself—upon which exemption I can offer myself congratulations, as every person is bound in reason to do who happens to have (which is the advantage of possession) something which another has not; except the having the toothache, a possession of which we are generally most solicitously fidgetty to dispossess ourselves. Though I acknowledge to the eye of the green gate-keeper as I have entered, and whom I have passed with befitting respect as one in authority. Occasionally I have, I do not disguise the fact, seen him put his head in his house, but I testify to his inexorable fixedness and unsleeping vigilance. Passing him on the present occasion, a curious speculation entered my mind, whether these verdant custodians of parks do not derive their colour in some such manner as animals in time acquire the hue of the ground which they are wont to make their local habitation; whether by a long residence in green places they have not gradually assimilated to the tint, with a doubt if their minds should not partake of the transcolouration.

Once in, past this well-guarded barrier, eternally closed against dogs and clothes-baskets, I cast my eye back as I descended the winding path which conducts to the great avenue in the northern part of the gardens, and beheld the dwarf wall and the road bordered with trees, and two boys at the side of the road occupied with a speculation whether the agitation of the water caused by the fountain, of which they obtained a remote view, did not frighten all the little fishes down towards the bridge where the few fishers, under permission, “most do congregate.”

“Idlers,” said I, the biggest boy has his hands in his pocket, which you will

observe of two boys looking at the same object the tallest generally has, indicative of the patronising negligence which an advance in age, however slight, invariably inspires.

I walked on, my stick in my hand, but with a lounge that of itself showed I was among green trees, and heard no louder voice than the hum of leaves. To individuals fond of thought and of enjoying their own company on occasions like the present, I should not advise that which I did, which was, not that I was particularly tired or diffusively hot, to turn aside from the straight path and enter roundly, which must here mean circuitously, one of the painted alcoves which in their wooden venerability stand at stated distances like corpulent watch-boxes studding the Bayswater wall. Before I looked in I had a physiological consciousness that somebody was sitting inside; which addition to a place of retreat when I am in such shades as Kensington-gardens and seeking peace, is what in the latter respect I deem equivalent to finding none. However, I did not choose to change my mind, and walk on and try the next alcove, since it would have been cowardly, and would have shown that the sight of the person I discovered in the first alcove had diverted me from my intention, therefore I walked collectedly in and sat myself down over against this individual. He was a man, I knew intuitively without looking at him, for I was affected blackly.

Now I do not know whether the reader has observed that the very fact of sitting in some enclosed box in a secluded spot, such as I was then in, creates a peculiar state of consciousness and sense of your company interfering with meditation; and which is very different and gives you far less of an impression of occupying in your own person than the feeling of propinquity to persons inherent in garden-seats, where you have the air all round you.

I sat alone with my companion; there was complete silence; our reveries were assisted and not disturbed by the wave of the trees and the distant murmur of the sleepy fountain. But I was wide awake; opposite me the person sat, without moving, and looking out of the alcove. I was posited on the other side, tapping thoughtfully with my stick my under lip, which was pursed out. It is singular how much of a mysterious communion is engendered in sitting thus simply in company; I knew not the man, and the man did not know me, but we were acquaintances on the spot, and we felt that we had silently and spiritually saluted each other.

I could not think. I sat some little time in stillness. When the person moved his foot along the gritty floor or shifted his position it seemed an event, it was as if he spoke, but he said nothing; it formed an epoch in our chronology. We felt as if we could neither of us draw breath without the other knowing it.

These alcoves are not the places, thought I, for dreaming of love, or dreaming in metaphysics: these are places where, if you must talk, you must talk to yourself, and yourself must only answer you. I do not think that a single word would have arisen from that which we both, through some magnetic means, perhaps, felt to be an acquaintance, if somebody's feet had not been heard approaching, and if somebody had not looked in upon us, as if they saw something as they went quietly by. This broke the ice. The frozen waters of our spirits burst their chains, and the fragments distributed, flowing cheerfully away.

"A very fine day, sir, for the time of year," said my companion, at a jump, and looking me in the face as if he were at that moment for the first time conscious of my presence.

Now that it was a very fine day for the time of year there could be no doubt, and therefore, without consideration, I answered, "Very." And I looked the man in the face. I took his height, and length, and breadth, and depth, at a glance. I sounded him suddenly. But being rather distrustful of hasty deductions, I waited and reserved myself to build up my estimate of him more cautiously.

I found him a man that I should set down as of the middle size—certainly of

the middle size—though I surveyed him sitting; a bad posture to judge by, and somewhat as difficult as guessing from seeing a man when on horseback, to arrive at his bodily height, often the only height which in those dwarfing days he is able to reach. He was somewhat thin in the face, though he looked healthy enough. His age I took to be fifty, at the least, as I calculated from the sober settled expression of his countenance, though from the bright restlessness of his eye, the curves of his mouth, which time had not drawn out, and the smooth ruddiness of his cheek, he might have really been taken as younger. He had not much hair, and what he had of it was brushed stiffly out: it was intermixed with grey. His eyes were sharp, and light in colour. His eyebrows were like arcs of circles, with one end pointing upwards. His forehead was bald and smooth, except when he frowned, or looked pryingly at objects, which he did frequently, and then the marks would display themselves, and the upper part of his face would seem as though marked like a map with the lines of latitude and longitude.

This person had on his head a flat-crowned broad-brimmed hat, stuck firmly and straightly on his upper story, like a good broad tile upon the top of a chimney-pot to let the smoke have free egress from under it. He had a blue neckcloth with little white spots covering it; a dark green coat, with wide lap-pelles (as I think they are called) in front, and large buttons, and with the tails cut in the square style, with horizontal instead of perpendicular pocket-holes, and deep pocket flaps; and to be added to it, a striped waistcoat, displaying much of a smoothly-ironed shirt front. Thus prim were the principal articles of his dress. His nether garments were of dark-blue cloth, and he had on his feet square-toed boots. A brown umbrella was standing beside him, as I thought a rather unnecessary incumbrance, since the day was so fine.

"This is a nice place, sir," said my new friend; "a very good place for meditation, and all that sort of thing. This is a spot which quenches all the results of the noise and bustle of the streets, and permits you to draw your breath somewhat freely, which I will defy any one to do in crowded thoroughfares."

"Hither, then," said I, "should we bring all the short-winded, and come ourselves, provided we feel that peculiar oppression of which you complain. But I must confess that I have never experienced it; on the contrary, it is the secluded places which would be the more likely to make me sensible that I was breathing at all."

"And it is for that very reason that I principally come hither," returned my companion. "I can't think in the streets; and that is something which I dare say you have discovered, sir, if you are like me, and have no interest in that class of thoughts which occupy men's minds in the town. I sometimes think that it would have been much better for me if I had such interest. I should have then lived in other people instead of living so much in myself. From the latter mode of life there is no escaping, particularly if you get accustomed to it."

"Those," I observed, "who live too much in other people's houses may stand a chance of sometimes finding that they are guests not wanted. But I see what you mean. You are fond of self-examination and self-entertainment, and have, probably, time for it."

"My time is at my own disposal," answered he, "and perhaps it is for that reason I dispose of it to no advantage; for I have observed that when one has plenty of time to do a thing in, the probability is that a time will never be found to do it at all. *Carpe diem*, sir—seize the occasion; and this is advice which we should be all the better for taking."

"Undoubtedly," I said. That was a safe word to use, for by it I coincided with the person I was conversing with, and could not commit myself either one way or the other—a good rule.

"I was tired," resumed my new acquaintance, "of seeing that same round of mentally living out of doors. We are railroads and steam-carriages, power-looms and politics, banks and bankers, but we are not men; and I think that a

mistake—naturally enough, you will perhaps say. We are things. I was very early impressed with the conviction that men did not understand themselves, and that they were mistaking the true study; that they were standing at their door, and staring with all the tokens of interest at things which did not concern them, while their dinner was spoiling within, burnt up to a cinder on the gridiron of inattention; a lamentable fact, possibly only to be discovered when the mischief was beyond repair. I was forced (myself) for a time into the vortex, and certainly I do not reckon that I lived during that period. I found myself alive again after a considerable interval, having no recollection of anything, except that I had begun the world, as it is called, with two hundred pounds, and that I somehow had in my possession when I came to myself a tolerable competency. I drudged like the rest of the world, and when I was amongst the mass I picked up my fair share of pebbles. These I neither threw away again after I had gathered them with so much pains, nor piled up in a heap and went and set myself on the top of. I walked off when I had done, buttoned up my pockets, and said to myself, ‘I have now settled accounts with what they call the world.’

“But you devoted your leisure to useful pursuits?” inquired I, with an appearance of interest, and somewhat distrustfully.

“Surely I did, sir,” said my companion. “Do you not think that the world is radically wrong in going on so contentedly, without making any attempt to become more closely acquainted with themselves, as actually and physically developed? Man is himself, and no other person; therefore, as I understand it, to know his own individual self, to examine into his own personal history—which latter I would resolve into the carrying on of the functions of his body—is the object of pursuit which would best become and prove of the most lasting benefit to him. It is something which concerns him most. We lose days, sir—we lose days. We die without having advanced a single step in the knowledge of our own selves. We do not even attempt it—never think it necessary. What a piece of work is man! He is the admiration of the universe—he is the most perfect piece of machinery—he is a wonder of art in his own construction, a treasury of curiosities, a mine of undeveloped wealth. I can see centuries of interest in him. But no one ever saw me in this light yet, I fear.”

I would roundly assert that man—and here let it be understood that I strictly confine myself to physical man—is a miracle. We see in his body a perfect exposition of all the material sciences, of all the solid principles which compose the universe; for I have nothing to do with the vagaries of physiologists, or the dreams of metaphysicians. There is no art which has not its train of development contained in him. There is no set of mathematical truths which are not to be found—in fact, I may in short say, that the whole mathematics stand at once displayed in his body. Mechanics, the science has its exposition. All the exact sciences, and all the irregular ones, too, find their history, provide their illustration, in the body of the animal which we call man. He is a microcosm—a manufacturing kingdom—a transcript of all forms of existence—a *camera obscura*, in which we again encounter all outward objects—a grand display of the whole round which can interest us as rational beings. Remember, sir, if you please, I speak of man's body only.

The world is unhappily ignorant of the treasures they carry about with them wherever they go; they rise with them, they sit down with them, they go to bed with them. Talk of poor men! No man is a poor man, sir, who has a body; he is richer than *Cresus*—greater than kings. He is a priceless piece of mechanism; he could set himself up in any capital of the world as the greatest curiosity in the universe. His value would be certainly immensely heightened if he were the only man, which latter circumstance is the single particular I can see in the question to be regretted. It is, however, unavoidable; the abundance of the article reduces the curiousness and the value of it. The market is unfortunately overstocked with goods: man is no rarity. It was this high value I had of myself as a thing, which led me from boy-

hood, perhaps, to display more reserve and pride in my intercourse with those with whom I associated than was altogether commendable; it caused me, therefore, more estrangement on their part than was quite agreeable to my feelings; for with all my pride of myself, I was by no means unsocially disposed. I was extremely careful of myself. I felt that I was obliged, to prevent danger, to keep people at a distance. No old lady could have been more careful of a piece of rare china than I was of myself. I was harassed with dreads of injury to my machinery. I feared I might not go right, or might stop like a steam-engine. This disturbance of mind brought another alarm with it, for I dreaded that with this very anxiety respecting it, I might be injuriously affecting the perfect state of operation in which I desired to be kept. I was like a watch: I trembled lest my hands should go wrong, and I lose the mastership over them; lest some of my wheelwork should get stiff, and fall into disorder. I shook at the probability of the drying up of the oil, which I imbibed in the shape of drink, and which indispensable liquid was diffused over my body. I find it really difficult to explain sensations which were so peculiar, and to interpret and justify this extreme watchfulness I had over myself. I was as jealous of myself as over a beauty.

People thought me growing very odd, and possibly with reason, for my manners with this turn of mind you will suppose were not of that careless diffuse order which characterise men more easy about themselves, and who live without troubling their heads as to how they live, and what they are, and how they are made. When I was obliged to sit down—though I always stood when I could without attracting unpleasant observation—I used to drop myself into a chair bolt upright, and I was equally anxious not to twist myself suddenly, or stretch myself too precipitately, or to turn myself too heedlessly and unguardedly upon my own centre, for fear of straining the pivot, or that I might induce some internal disarrangement, even a temporary one, and an accident which could have been repaired. I had tools about me continually to repair myself with, in the shape of physic-bottles and pill-boxes, and all the array of surgical apparatus. I looked upon my medical attendant as a mechanician, not a doctor. If I had broken any part of my machinery I should never have forgiven myself. So did I treasure myself up as a master-piece of art. You will readily believe that the natural carrying on of the functions of my body was a source of constant disquietude to me. I could have willingly resigned eating, and drinking, and walking, and all those cumbersome though unavoidable incidents to which our frame has been rendered subject, and one of which I assuredly feared would at a future day work some entanglement, or disarrangement, or disorganisation in my complicated system. I could not be thankful to Providence for having made me so perfect. I often wished that I had been made more roughly; that I had been boards and clout-nails, instead of ivory carving and fine wirework. I found it difficult to understand why so many intertwisting, interweaving mechanical powers, such delicate and dangerous machinery, should have been introduced into my construction, seeing that they gave me so much more trouble to keep them in order, and infused so much more anxiety into my mind respecting them, and made my existence so additionally uncomfortable, forming, indeed, the entire trouble and disturbance of my life.

There was something in my new friend's talk which struck me as reasonable, supposing that he was not a madman, and I began seriously to consider whether we *do* take so much care of our bodies, as bodies and masterpieces of machinery, as behoveth us.

Our conversation proceeded, if that can be called conversation which was all on one side, for I spoke but little, and then only endeavoured, by a slight doubt, and the expression of a delicate disbelief, or an interjection of wonder, to lead him on, and draw his singularities still further out. I discovered that he was strictly an utilitarian, and that though he could trace with minute exactness the ramification of the fibres of a leaf, he never troubled himself with

speculations as to the ultimate causes, or the purpose of its development. He told me that he had devoted years to the study of practical science, especially on those branches which reflected mediately or immediately on corporeal history; or material exemplification: that he had been thrown into a state of nervous delight at an exhibition which was opened some time since in London, displaying the wonders of human physical form in two perfect anatomical figures, modelled in wax, and to which exhibition he gave permanent personal countenance, by taking out a season ticket for. I could instantly understand how he could be brought to look upon the ingenious artist to whose imitative skill he owed such a treat as a benefactor of the human race, and the most interesting person in civilised society.

Our conversation, which was interesting to me, inasmuch it injected new lights into a heretofore hidden body of philosophy, and drew back the shade from the show glass which, when I put my eye at it, disclosed on my part quite an undreamt-of little world of puppet mechanism, was rather more abruptly than, as far as I was concerned, pleasingly put an end to. My friend happened to spy some mechanician of Poland-street, as he, turning round, stated to me, crossing over the grass with meditative step. With this person, it seems, my new man of science had had some dialogues and a little business respecting the sort of colouring matter that it was correct to stain glass eyes withal, in order to obtain that transparent opacity which goes with nature. My new acquaintance buttoned up his coat with precision, took his umbrella, and bowing stiffly, simply enunciated—

"A very good morning to you, sir."

"And a very good morning to you, sir," said I, as I imitated his example and started up to go.

Whether this peculiar individual safely encountered his friend or not I cannot tell, for the trees, as I looked back, shortly cut him off from my sight. One result was distinct from this encounter of mine. For the next half hour I felt my breath, and walked more upright and carefully and more like an image than I had ever done before in all my life. The green grass, looking so inviting, beguiled me from the gravel, and I turned off and walked through the clump of trees towards the Round Pond, the quaintness of the old windows and Netherlandish antiquity of Kensington Palace being imperfectly, from its distance, displayed before me. As I went along the path, rendered as impressive of solitude from my isolation from the few stragglers in the gardens that I discerned, when I looked for them, like dots on the horizon—distant sails, which if not out of sight, were certainly out of hail, I saw advancing towards me a young woman, whom I could see was a nursery-maid, with a couple of children. The young girl looked a good-humoured lassie enough, as a Scotch auld wife would have styled her, fresh from Somersetshire, I would take an oath. She was neatly dressed in a coloured print gown and a straw bonnet with blue ribbons. She had red cheeks, good-humoured, cheerful eyes, and white teeth. Little darlings were the children—boy and girl. I glanced upon them with instant interest, and was sorry at the moment that I had not on my spectacles; for I am a lover of infancy, and delight to look into the face of these little men and women, trying to fancy and find out what they are like to be in future years. To read their history in a miniature countenance, unexpanded, undeveloped, alas! and unprofaned, except with infantine assimilation with all that is real and tangible and delightful and blessed around them. These two little abstracts of the human world, when they caught my eye resting on them, which children are quick enough in detecting, returned my smile with a confident look of sunny frankness which could see nothing in the way between my good humour and theirs. The little girl was about seven years of age. She had light hair and clear blue eyes. Her complexion was like milk, or like a rose blushing in snow, and in the light diffusing its soft colour into the whiteness around. She had on a little blue silk drawn bonnet, a white muslin frock, and a black velvet spencer. A little parasol was in her hand, which, as she

walked, she swung to and fro, jerking out, with a pretty pleyfulness, her little chin to accompany the movement. The boy was a fine little fellow of eight, in a dark blue tunic and black leather waist-belt. He had brown hair, which hung in ringlets round his head. His eyes were bright and bold, and his face was full of spirit and fun, yet repressed into half-shy, back-drawing observation, as he saw my eye scrutinising him curiously and he was wondering why I should do so.

"Blank leaves of the finest paper in the book of life," muttered I; "the smallest edition at present; gilt-edges," I added, glancing at the children's dresses. "May the writing on these fair pages be as neat and beautiful as carefully-mended pen can manage. May those who write themselves into them look sharply to themselves, and sit down with clean hands to a task which might draw down seraphs on sunbeams from the sapphire floor of the vestibule of divinity. If what is to be there put down must be inscribed in black to be read at all by an eye of the world, let care be taken that no more ink than is absolutely necessary be shed, nor that it fall in blots upon an otherwise pure and stainless surface. If to bind those heavenly types of love to you and to the coarse and brutal earth it be needful that you tie their cherub wings, order it so that those world-improved ligatures may be shaken off should taint affright these children of the court of God, these doves of the blue sky of heaven, that they may spread their snowy pinions and soar back to the bosom of that peace which pervadeth the home from which they came. Clip not their rainbow-coloured plumes with malicious steel, sharpened out of metal which owns hell as the region of its mine, to boast of polish and edge on the hard and drossy blocks into which, disguised and many-shaped as they are, and multitudinous as the stones which cover the flinty sides of a mountain whose ribs are granite, or as the sand of the sea-shore itself, man has quaintly cut the surface of his globe! Treat them as visitants from amongst the angels, rather than—having wandered to this dark planet—as prisoners whose light, as it shames us, is to be put out to make them as we, black in a midnight of pollution!"

A child's scream interrupted me in the midst of my reflections, and turning round I saw that my little boy had tumbled down. His sister, who was some few yards' distance behind him, stopped short in her run, with her hands uplifted, as she stood arrested in her surprise and alarm at seeing her little brother fall.

"Oh, Willy," cried the little girl, "look at that now! You've tumbled down, and didn't Susan tell you that you were not to run away."

Willy got up and came running back, the tears running down his cheeks, and holding his hands wide out helplessly all the way.

"It has begun," thought I—that is disobedience, caught up unconsciously from some thoughtless and unnoticed example which was exhibited in the presence of the child. "There is blot the first. The pen was ill mended and has sputtered. Let the parents look to it."

Children ought to be a conscience. We should take them as the eye of our guardian angel fixed upon us. We might blush before them a hundred times a day. Who could do an evil deed, who could think an evil thought in the presence of a child! The man must have more courage than I, who could. The inquiring eye of the guileless child might in its innocence—in its pure penetration, be as a dart of light out of the silver bow of an angel of Heaven. It would transfix the black devil himself. It would make him howl confession, writhing back again into his own frightful image as cloud rolls into cloud.

THE REVOLUTION OF FEZ.

A Legend of Araby.

By BENJAMIN BARNETT.

ONE Lhuis Mehemet, an ex-King of Fez,
So the legend says,
Was cunning, was grasping, a hypocrite,
too :
In fact, was quite downy, if what's said
be true ;
However, with that we have nothing to
do ;

So straight
Will relate,
What the legend doth state ;
Adopting the plan —
That is, if we can—
Of that fam'd clergyman,
Tom Ingoldsby hight,
Whose witty invention,
Brought him a good pension —
The lucky wight ;
And it sarv'd him right !
This Tom was a droll man,
Much more so than Colman,
Or Hudibras, Pindar, *et cum multis aliis* ;
And I'd bet a pound,
Not a man can be found,
Search all England round,
Who in reading his works will not
laugh until pale he is :
Exclaiming, too, ment'lly,
" All hail to Bentley !
The man wot found Tom out, and
brought him to light."

* * * * *
Our ex-King, be 't known,
Had no right to the throne,
He belong'd to a different line :
He, however, got there,
By foul means or fair,
But not by what's term'd "right divine."

* * * * *
The Fezians, it seems,
Were much given to dreams,
From project to project would range ;
One day they'd have kings,
On the next no such things
Their sov'reigns they often did change.

Mehemet for years
(For so it appears)
Sat quiet enough on his throne,
Heaping up treasures,
And taking all measures,
A very large fortune to own ;
Indeed, it was thought
The secret he'd bought,
And possess'd the philosopher's stone.

At last the Fezians, tir'd of peace,
And finding imposts much increase,
Grumbled loud,
And vow'd
They'd not cease
Calling meetings, until they'd decrease.
However, it seems,
Reformatory schemes
Were not relish'd at all by Mehemet,
Who swore by his crown,
He would soon put them down,
However tyrannic they'd deem it.
But little he knew
With what folk he'd to do.

In imitation
Of another nation,
Which may boast of its free institutions,
A monster dinner was proposed ;
Mehemet soon he interposed,
And said,—" To my thinking,
All eating and drinking
Does no good to weak constitutions."
So over their banquet,
He threw a wet blanket,
At which there arose a great fuss.
But he thought, " Let them talk,
I'll soon into them walk,
"Twill be—*montes parturiens, nascitur
mus.*"

* * * * *
Ere long he found out he was very
well match'd ;
He'd reckon'd his chickens before they
were hatch'd.

In these good days,
The legend says,
When people and kings got into a passion,

It was quite the fashion
To fight it out ;
Not like now,
Kick up a row,

And really not know what about.
They dried all their powder, and whetted
their blades,
Not dreaming of building in streets
barricades,
Nor fighting with pikes, nor with
scythes, nor with spades.
No felon-club heroes, nor cabbage
brigades ;
They spurn'd to resort to such traitor-
ous aids.

No senseless schism,
Nor mad communism,
Drove people to war with their king ;
To the scratch straight they came,
They were plucky and game,
They were manly, and did the right thing.
The States were convok'd, and in con-
clave did sit,
To arrange 'tween themselves what to
do would be fit ;

When after much pother,
Bout one thing or other,
They vowed at Mehemet to have a good
shy ;

And they told him why.
So to it they went,
And the States got whack't
('Tis a fact)
To their hearts' content.

Mehemet quite proud
That the foe was so cow'd—
That the turbulent set
Such a licking did get,
Cried, " Sure such a triumph no money
could buy.

And I
Don't deny
That it's worth a Jew's eye.
They'll not again try
To complain of my acts.
So without more delay,

My outlay
To pay,
I'll get my Premier to put on a new tax.
He's not at such trifles at all over nice ;
There's plenty pretences ;
The late great expenses
Alone would suffice.

'Twill meet, I know, with opposition,
From those who're wont to spout sedi-
tion :

They'll meetings call,
And loudly brawl,
And babble :
Spout trash and stuff,
Quite *quantum suffi*.

T' amuse an idle rabble.
Invite them,
T' excite them
To every act illegal ;
And jeer,
And sneer,

At everything that's regal ;
Until the mob disturbs the city's quiet,
By kicking up a riot ;
By throwing stones and muck at
All they think are worth a ducat ;
Revvelling, too, in plunder.

While those who set them by the ears,
As soon as the police appears,
Are first to cut and run ;
Leaving the fools they have misled,
To grieve o'er many a broken head ;
While wives and babes lament and wail
Their husbands, fathers, now in gaol ;

Their happy homes undone,
Their comforts rent asunder.
But Law's stern frown
Soon puts them down :
'Tis but a nine-days' wonder."

* * * * *
'Fore
Twelve months were o'er,
The States, still quite sore,
Resolv'd once again to show fight,
And swore they were right.

So the treacherous cubs
Met together in clubs,
The plan to pursue there to settle ;
When one of the lot,
Who knew what was what,
With a comical grin,
Said there was'n't no tin,
Although they were all lads of mettle ;

That there,
He'd declare,
Their funds were much low'r
Than ever before ;

And he thought
If they fought,
For the truth must be told,
They'd be precious sold—
That they'd all go to pot,
For there was n't enough to buy powder
and shot.

"It's true what you say,
But each dog has its day,
Mehemet our rights has invaded;
Tho' not worth a rap,
We'll have at th' old chap
Another good slap;"

And so they did.
* * * * *

Time with his glass
Made months soon pass,
And both,
Not loth,
Like bricks went to it with mortar and
gun.

'Twas jolly good fun!

However,
You never,
Tho' ever
So clever,

Could dream such a change.
Mehemet heading his crack regiment,
Of vict'ry to the very edge went:

But soon he
Look'd spooney,
To find that the bowmen
Of his rebel foemen,

Cast arrows as far quite as Warner's
long range—

The foe fight like fury, disdaining to
yield,

And all his best men lying dead on the
field.

The game was now up,
Of defeat his cup
Right up to the brim was fill'd.
Nor poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor the falls of Niagara,
Could give him such a staggerer,
As finding he was mill'd.
* * * * *

The Fezians, elate,
Took charge of the state,
And form'd a provisional forum;
Cried "Down with the king!
He's a useless thing;
Our country did never much store 'em.
Law, order be blow'd,
Such things we'll explode,
They're remnants of show and frivolity;
Fraternity now

To each other we vow,
We'll liberty have and equality."
Then to it they went like hungry dogs,
Who when fed will the tub lick.

"We'll put down the king,
And put up the thing
They call by the name of Republic."

Mehemet grew pale when he heard
these remarks—

He knew the boys well, and was up to
their larks;

"My ancestors oft had a taste of their
fun,

So it will be prudent to cut and to run.

My goose is cook'd, that's very clear;
I'm button'd up if I stop here;

So slick,

I'll be quick,

And cut my stick.

Already my head feels queer!

The white-cliff'd shores I'll seek to gain,
Across La Manche's briny main:

That just my book will suit;

For Johnny Bull, as foreign nations
style him,

Does now, as whilom,

Offer an asylum

To all the royal destitute."
* * * * *

He reach'd those shores, no matter how,
Not very pleasantly, I trov.
* * * * *

On leaving Fez he thus outpour'd

His melancholy strain;

It did not reach the ingrates' ear—

He sang to them in vain.

"Ungrateful country, now farewell;

Thy bourne I quit for aye,

I lov'd thee, yes, too passing well:

You think, perhaps, I lie?

But no, my heart clings to thee still;

Of hope thou wert my goal;

I go, but much against my will;

I do, upon my soul!

Oh, wherefore force me thus to rove

From all I lov'd so well?

I deem'd I had secur'd thy love;

Oh! what a precious sell!

Adieu! ye ingrate, fickle set,

With pain my leave I take;

I quit thee with intense regret;

I do, and no mistake!"
* * * * *

The legend deplores,

When he left his own shores

In sadness, grief, and despair;

That he quite forgot

To do—just guess what?

To leave them a lock of his hair.

SKETCH OF THIERS.

HAVING in our last given a sketch of Cavaignac, the present chief of the French Executive, we consider that it may not be inappropriately followed up this month by one of his great rival—or would-be rival—Thiers. The materials for the first were rare; and it redounds to Cavaignac's honour, that if in his previous career fame has no great achievement to record of him, she can in no degree reproach him with crime. "Happy," says Montesquieu, "are the people whose annals are inglorious." Fortunate, we may add, is the statesman concerning whose private life the voice of history or of scandal is unheard. Except in the instance of his father, slander itself can find no shade in the private character of Cavaignac; but unhappily she has another tale to tell of Monsieur Adolphe Thiers. With no statesman of the day has rumour been more busy; concerning none has her back been laden with more numerous or more weighty burdens. No official living has had more peccadilloes laid to his charge than Thiers; nor, if it be considered at all complimentary, is there perhaps one in existence of whom fame has said so much, whether true or false—good, bad, or indifferent—from the day when he was first introduced into notoriety in the columns of Armand Carrel's journal, down to last week, when he was for the thousandth time, again hashed up, *rechauffé*, by a new candidate for this particular species of portraiture, under the somewhat uninviting name of "Satan," who on this occasion was pleased to favour the world with what he terms the little man's "curious and edifying history."

Adolphe Thiers, we—that is, the world—should have learned from this interesting biographer, had we not previously been perfectly aware of the fact, is the son of a person in humble life, and was born at Marseilles in 1798. His father was a blacksmith; several of his relatives are at present, it is said, in a position equally obscure—and it assuredly in no degree redounds to the present statesman's character to add that, while revelling amid all the allurements of wealth, he has left them to struggle with all the hardships of indigence. Like Gil Blas, he was indebted for his education chiefly to an uncle; but we have never heard his gratitude recorded in such terms as the Spanish hero has expressed his towards Gil Perez. Thiers' career at school, in fact, was an unhappy one; he was cynical, dwarfish, and malicious; displayed no brilliancy but considerable precocity, and, it is said, was noted only for a tricky, sordid, petulant disposition. He was then, as still, exceedingly loquacious, remarkable for selfishness and the pertinacity with which he adhered to his opinions. The latter, one of his old school-fellows represents often to have been singular, and at college especially, assumed apparently for opposition or display. Paradoxes were largely dealt in by him; and the little Adolphe's tongue before he had passed his fourteenth year was a synonyme for perpetual motion.

Had he lived under the *ancient regime*, he would have been trained for the church, and unquestionably his neat and epigrammatic style of speaking might, had the circumstance of his humble birth have been got over, have rapidly contributed to his advancement under a system which even Chateaubrand admits to have held a sarcasm as superior to a sermon, and "a *bon mot* as better far than any victory gained." But the times were unfitting; and Thiers never exhibited the slightest inclination for sanctity. He was indeed said to have taken shelter in a church at Neuilly during the memorable three days of July, 1830, and it is alleged that in the later days of the Guizot ministry, despairing of supplanting his rival by any other means, he was seen

perched on a stool in the church of St. Roche, *vis-a-vis* to the pew occupied by Louis Philippe's devout queen; but we believe the last assertion at least to have been fabulous, as Thiers assuredly has always been infinitely less of the saint than the sinner. It was formerly his boast indeed to have been one of the "profane;" and his witty raileries at church and churchmen are understood to have in no small degree contributed to his future intimacy with Talleyrand, who, although he a few months before his death indited a most penitential letter to the Pope, is well known to have been a sarcastic, if not infidel *roué*, during greater part of his life.

Law accordingly being determined on, the little man was despatched to Aix; greatly it is said, to the regret of his mother, who cherished fond expectations of one day seeing him "shake his head in a pulpit," the synonyme in France for the post of parish priest. But law proved equally uncongenial; Thiers was at this period so capricious and perverse that he argued against the interests of his master's—one Monsieur Arnaud—clients; and the advocate became indignant, until he discovered that it arose from an obstinacy or contradiction of temperament which apparently would have prompted him to adopt a similar course had the client been his own. With much kindness, therefore, he directed Thiers' abilities to a new and more appropriate channel. Observing the facility which he already displayed for combination, and the lucidity with which in writing he began to express himself; Arnaud furnished him with books and the means of study in abundance. During a considerable time he also afforded him the shelter of his roof; but this only excited emotions of suspicion in Thiers, who attributed to jealousy what in reality proceeded from kindness. He accordingly soon quitted Arnaud, and made his appearance at the bar of Aix, as an advocate himself; yet with no success. His appearance is recorded to have been ludicrous in the extreme. Perched behind a huge pair of spectacles, and with a bag crammed with musty papers, he made his *début*; but his aspect was so *drole*, his voice so shrill, his gestures so absurd, and air so ridiculous, that a universal shout of derision saluted his petulance, and he descended with the resolution of never again mounting the rostrum at Aix.

In this emergency Arnaud, his old preceptor, again came to his aid, and afforded him renewed means of literary advancement, for which Thiers in his subsequent prosperity made a most ungrateful return. The course suggested by the advocate, however, proved to be the true one. A few essays by Thiers which he transmitted to a provincial academy, attracted attention; a paper on strategy recommended by him to the military authorities in the neighbourhood, excited still more applause; and Thiers having gained a few prizes, trifling in emolument but of vast ultimate importance to him, turned his back upon Arnaud, Aix, and all that it contained, and set out for Paris.

His adventures by the way have never been divulged. They are supposed to have been of an exceedingly painful description. According to his friends' account, he fell into the hands of "thieves;" but others represent that he voluntarily joined a troop of mountebanks, and that he was merely stripped by them, on detecting, or surmising his intention to set off with the treasury. Thiers' necessities at this period doubtless compelled him to an ambiguous course; and assuredly no one could well be in a more unhappy plight than the future historian of the consulate and empire, when he presented himself late at night at the door of Rabbe, a French literary gentleman, in the *quartier Latin*. "His doublet," says a spectator, "was tattered, his pantaloons torn, and reached only half way to his ankles; coarse wooden shoes enveloped his feet, a wallet was suspended from his back, a hat worthy of figuring in the cabinet of an antiquary adorned his head; but a grin of self-satisfaction lighted up his countenance, and he was buried behind those huge spectacles which appear never from that day to have deserted him." But he was received with kindness; the company, consisting of one or two friends who were present with Rabbe, commiserating his abject position, befriended him; Rabbe himself procured him an engagement as a caterer for news to one of the Parisian journals; and to Thiers' disgrace it may

be added, when he afterwards attained power, Rabbe was one of the first whom he prosecuted.

The Parisian journals afford a better field for advancement than ours. Not only is more time allowed for reflection, and higher remuneration to the writer, but a successful article at once opens the way to political distinction. It is no intention of ours to discuss the relative superiority of the French or English press; but the former assuredly, if it can lay claim to no other merit, is animated by a higher *esprit du corps*, and instead of being divided by jealousy and discord into a thousand petty channels, as here, ever keeps in view the one great object of promoting its dignity, and advancing its members. A successful journalist was in these days beginning to be held in higher estimation than a successful general or admiral, and peers of France subscribed their names to articles as their proudest source of distinction. Chateaubriand was scorching the ministry from which he had been recently ejected; and the sarcasms of Thiers, the blighting denunciations of Carrel, were readily welcomed to assail the obnoxious cabinet. From being a mere purveyor of paragraphs and fugitive *jeux d'esprit*, Thiers quickly took his place as a writer of the more important essay: and, fired with his success in this, he launched a proposal for writing a history of the great revolution. Another author, Felix Bodin, had previously taken up the subject, and Thiers' proposition was considered as either an unwarrantable interference or a sort of rhodomantade. It is said that he had no intention of writing the history of the period, but that his sole view was to ingratiate himself with Lafayette, Lafitte, and the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) then prominent in opposition to the government. He was, however, unexpectedly taken at his word: materials flocked into him from every quarter; he became dismayed by the vastness of the supply and the greatness of the undertaking. An arrangement in this emergency was made with Bodin, who had nearly three volumes of the work ready for publication: it was agreed that Thiers should superadd his materials, and that it should be a conjoint production. The first volume accordingly made its appearance with their names united, and experienced success unprecedented; but an obstacle was presented to the publication of the others by the honesty or obstinacy of Bodin, who would not consent to the suppression of passages unfavourable to the views of the Duke of Orleans. All the influence of the party, aided by the purse of the duke, was consequently exerted to oust him, and was exerted with success: Bodin was unceremoniously bundled out by an arrangement with the publishers, and the next two volumes, though in great part Bodin's, were given to the world under the name of Thiers alone.

At intervals the others, ten in all, duly followed, most of them Thiers' production; and though they undoubtedly contributed to the gain of the author, and possibly also to that of literature, they assuredly in no degree were conducive to the cause of truth. All Felix Bodin's scrupulous accuracy of detail was thrown aside; his patient research into facts was contemned; a loose and flimsy, yet broad style was substituted; and everything in any measure inculcating Lafayette, the Duke of Orleans, and even old *Egalité*, carefully suppressed. His passion for paradox was indeed kept more under check; but disregarding the sage maxims of Jonathan Wild, who advises his readers never to tell a lie if truth will serve the purpose equally well;—"for," says the sage, "a lie is too valuable a commodity to be thrown away," Thiers in many instances indulged in gratuitous falsehood. Deliberate perversion was common, pre-determined omission still more frequent; wherever he had a party or personal object to serve he never hesitated to violate the purity of history. He took up all parties in turn, flattered, caressed them while triumphant, and, save the Orleanist, finally dismissed them with contempt when defeated; sacrificing every consideration ultimately to his own advancement, and producing rather a brilliant phantasmagoria than a faithful history.

Yet there was a seeming fairness about the work, and a magical, graceful, easy style which singularly contrasted with the philosophical profundity of

Mignet, and the drowsy dulness, rather than depth of Guizot—the two historians then most in vogue on revolutionary subjects—and Thiers accordingly became exceedingly popular. The French knew that what they read in his pages was false; but it was falsehood in the highest degree agreeable to their *amour propre* and natural vanity. Those accordingly who formerly had considered Thiers a busybody, and treated his questions as impertinent, now on all hands courted his attention; and long before it was designed he, without the trouble of inquiry, was supplied with an immense stock of materials for a history of the consulate and empire. Talleyrand, ambitious of appearing in colours more flattering than those in which he had hitherto figured, bestowed on him especial notice; all the interesting parts of those memoirs of the arch-statesman which now are sealed up from the world for thirty years are understood at one time to have been offered to Thiers; and as they reflected equally on his friends and political opponents, a true or secret history of the revolution as well as empire might at last have appeared had not events immediately occurred to interrupt the narrative, and distrust subsequently induced the prince to revoke his intention.

The revolution of 1830 was approaching, and Thiers had essentially contributed to it—less by his writings than secret relations with the Orleanist faction, of whom, through the medium of Lafitte, he had long been an emissary. Carrel and the bolder spirits openly thundered in the journals, but Thiers undertook the safer plan of subverting the obnoxious ministry by the medium of gold. Louis Philippe, however, always penurious, could not even in these days be readily induced to part with his money, although a crown was the object; and Thiers accordingly, who already had become exceedingly extravagant in his habits, especially in a passion for display, returned to his old pursuit of journalist. But the proprietors of the paper with which he had hitherto been connected, the *Constitutionnel*, distrusted him, and rejected all his attempts to monopolise its control. He consequently, with Lafitte and Carrel's money, proposed the establishment of the *National*; and the generous banker and confiding republican acquiescing, a secession from the ranks of the former organ took place, and the redoubted herald of republicanism appeared.

To some, however, especially Louis Philippe, and Thiers as one of his instruments, this appeared going too fast. A mere change of dynasty was their object, or, in Lafayette's old cant phrase, "the security of a crown with republican institutions;" and they shrank from Carrel's uncompromising design, to establish that beloved republic for which he was ready to fight, and, as events afterwards proved, ready to die. But they could not at present afford to shake him off. The memorable Ordinances of July appeared, and Thiers was plunged in dismay. After a solitary interview with his *collaborateurs* of the Parisian press he disappeared, and no one knew whither. Some allege that he sought shelter in Neuilly, others that he found it only in the chapel; Louis Philippe being too wary to allow his nearer approach. A third party represent that he ventured from his retreat to subscribe his name to the celebrated protest; but the general belief is that this was done either by proxy or without his permission; and certain it is that while the fighting which ensued, lasted, the most intimate of Thiers' friends failed to discover his retreat. At the end of the memorable Three Days, however, when victory was no longer doubtful, he made his re-appearance, and was quickly discovered in attendance on the Duke of Orleans. In all the subsequent intrigues which occurred before Louis Philippe could be induced by his bolder sister to assume the crown, Thiers acted as a sort of go-between. The duty was not very honourable, but it promised to be productive; and when the citizen-king finally attained his aim, and ascended the throne, Thiers was rewarded with a subaltern post in the administration.

It was in a position corresponding to that of our Secretary to the Treasury that Thiers made his *début*, and his first appearance in the Chamber was a decided failure. The course he adopted, indeed, produced this result. Instead of confining himself to the easy, slipshod style of *causerie* for which he had been noted, he chose the high heroic, for which his voice, attitude, aspect, and

everything concurred to disqualify him. The Chamber was convulsed with laughter; and a second attempt was equally abortive. It was not till Lafitte, to whom he was indebted for his office, recommended him to resume his former style, and attempt in the senate the free, light, discursive tone which rendered him so agreeable in private, or as a button-holder, that he succeeded; and his cool, easy assurance was such a novelty in the Chamber—sometimes gossiping, often sarcastic, frequently indulging in epigram, and always startling by paradox, that he took the audience by surprise, and has almost ever since, as a speaker, maintained his ascendancy. As a statesman, Thiers has long inspired distrust, but in the other capacity he retains his full power and reputation; and though little confidence might be attached to his opinion, he is listened to with as much curiosity at the present time in the National Assembly, as he was at the moment of his first appearance in the Chamber of Deputies. Respect in the slightest degree on the part of his audience is not to be found. They come to be amused, and know that they shall be entertained. With some information, more or less valuable, he will also rarely fail to supply them, either original or *rechauffé, à la sauce piquante*, with all the epigrammatic smartness of his own vocabulary. But curiosity is the prevailing feeling; and his audience generally look like the sailor who having gone to witness the exploits of a conjuror, and narrowly escaped being blown up by a bag of gunpowder which accidentally exploded in the course of the performance, surmised it to be but a part of the entertainment, and hitching up his trousers as well as rubbing his optics, exclaimed: "D—n my eyes, what will the fellow do next?" Some such feeling seems constantly to pervade Thiers' hearers. They stare and titter, are amused, and listen; but are continually puzzled as to what he shall say next. Yet the whole ultimately appears so natural, that they may separate with the conviction that he is a juggler, but admit that they have been highly entertained.

Nothing but talent of the highest order in this respect could have sustained Thiers in the course he now adopted. Lafayette had been discarded, and Lafitte, to whom he owed his appointment, dismissed by Louis Philippe with as little ceremony as if he had been a mendicant. Casimir Perier, "used up," was, too, got rid of; yet Thiers, though indebted to all, coolly deserted all; affected ignorance of the ruined banker when he met him in the Chamber, and, at Louis Philippe's dictation, trumped up an alliance with Guizot, whom but lately he had stigmatised by reviving the old odious designation of the "Man of Ghent." A seat in the cabinet was the reward of this perfidy; and the obnoxious laws of September, tamperings with the telegraph, speculations or dabbling in the funds, and the thousand iniquities of which Thiers has been accused, were the result. The press was persecuted with a virulence previously unknown; Emile de Girardin hounded on to shoot his old associate Carrel, who had become exceedingly hateful to Thiers, for no other reason than that he denounced his apostacy, and resisted all attempts to bribe him; the republican *National* subjected to heavy fines, and old more ductile *Constitutionnel* again taken into favour; the *Débats* established as a regular hack of the palace; Mignet, Thierry, and Lamennais prosecuted; and means taken to crush every independent man in France who refused to become the tool of Thiers or the slave of the Tuileries.

As some Irish family is said, in its motto, to be "More Irish than the Irish themselves," so Thiers, in his new-born thirst for royalty, may be described as having been more *royaliste* than the most *ultra* of the royalists. He it was who seconded Louis Philippe's infamous scheme for getting possession of the Duchess de Berri, when her seizure was deemed necessary for the new dynasty's security; and he it was, who, along with Bugeaud, supported the king in his determination to expose her frailty, when even the queen and every other member of the court demurred. The arrangement with Deutz, when that wretch was bribed to betray her, was Thiers' own, and he long was accustomed to look upon it as an especial feat of dexterity. Louis Philippe concurred, and rewarded him with the office of Minister of the Interior; but no consideration

could induce him to exchange this for that of the Minister of Commerce or Public Works, either of which Thiers would have preferred as offering greater facilities for accumulation, in consequence of the numerous railways and similar undertakings then projected. Subsequent events proved that the wary king intended keeping these in the hands of adherents on whom he could more implicitly rely for carrying out that great system of corruption which he already looked to as the mainstay of his power. Thiers, he well knew, was not likely to be contented with a moderate share of the plunder; it was accordingly reserved for Guizot, Teste, and other more obsequious or less sordid tools; and Thiers actually obtained the Presidency of the Council, or a post equivalent to it, at a time when he would have preferred the more lucrative office of Minister of Public Works.

It was now that Thiers' conduct began to attract European attention, and in some measure excite European alarm. Having obtained the foreign ministry, he set out with a series of pranks, which the Continent, since the days of Napoleon, had not been accustomed to witness. Some of the greatest men living, or lately living, it is said have considered that the sphere in which they have attained celebrity was not that in which they were most calculated to "shine." The Duke of Wellington is to this day of opinion that he is a greater minister than a general; Liston, we all know, supposed tragedy his *forte*; and Thiers had scarcely entered the foreign office, when he became impressed with the conviction that nature designed him for a great military genius, destined to eclipse the fame of Napoleon. The emperor's eastern designs were accordingly revived; and in his mind's eye, Monsieur Thiers beheld Egypt reduced, Syria overrun, Constantinople in his power, and the French under his directions (from Paris), on the high road to India. Prince Joinville, and some other members of Louis Philippe's family, burning for naval or military glory, seconded his ambition. Unhappily, however, Lord Palmerston took the initiative, and Thiers' policy became reversed. The cautious father of the family, then sitting in the Tuileries, was apprehensive that a war with Britain, without which these ends could not be carried out, would be fatal to his interests; and the belligerent minister, though he showed no disposition to prefer resistance to place, was consequently ejected from office.

It must be confessed Thiers was hardly used by Louis Philippe on this occasion. To promote his own reputation, and also that of the king's sons, he had brought Europe to the verge of a general war; yet he also showed great alacrity in retracing his steps, so soon as desired by the monarch and constrained by Palmerston. The humiliation to which he was subjected on witnessing the destruction of his projects, by Napier, on the coast of Syria, was consequently deemed punishment sufficient, without the additional mortification of ejection from office; but Louis Philippe was resolute, and determined to restore the *entente cordiale, coute qu'il coute*. Thiers accordingly was got rid of on any terms, and it is said they were not very ceremonious; Louis Philippe, to whom his tamperings with the telegraph were known, not considering it necessary to exhibit any remarkable politeness on the occasion. The memorable Guizot ministry, it is well known, succeeded; and during seven years Thiers beheld himself hopelessly excluded from office. Then it was he attempted to resume his old republican colours, and propounded the maxim, "The king reigns, but ought not to govern." The staunch republicans, however, had not forgot the heartlessness with which he pursued Carrel; and Louis Philippe, surrounded by all the implements of despotism, was indifferent to such promulgation. A venal Chamber of Deputies supported him; and Thiers, out of office, was now there out of power. Ledru Rollin, Odillon Barrot, and other bolder orators, had supplanted him in the tribune; and, throughout the country, Guizot and corruption reigned supreme. Mortified by the insignificance into which he had fallen, Thiers comparatively withdrew from the legislature, and took his revenge by writing his history of the empire, and crying Napoleon up on all occasions, as the legitimate sovereign of France. Louis Napoleon's

attempt at Boulogne was supposed to have thus been in some degree stimulated; but a short time satisfied Thiers that the hero of the empire was a fool, in whom no confidence could be placed. He accordingly returned to the Chamber, and renewed his old system of opposition; experiencing little success, however, till the end of 1847, when the tyranny and insolence of the Guizot ministry became intolerable. Towards the beginning of the year his importance increased; but when the hour for decisive action approached, the Parisians became dissatisfied with the temporising conduct of both him and Odillon Barrot. When the revolution broke out, accordingly, and Thiers was substituted for Guizot, in the hope of quelling it, the appointment was received at first with dissatisfaction, and ultimately with disgust. The people treated him with ridicule as he was repairing to the palace; and on some of them showing a disposition to handle him more roughly, both he and Odillon Barrot promptly disappeared. As usual, during the disturbances, Thiers remained *perdu*; but since the danger has passed he has made himself conspicuous enough. He has given out that his life was in danger, and that an attempt has been made to assassinate him—a rumour which is wholly untrue; the Parisians, though they might have ducked him in the gardens of the Tuileries, entertaining no more animosity towards him than to any juggler in the *Champs Elysees*; and the good-humoured ridicule which his highly-grotesque appearance never fails to excite has already induced him to aspire to the task of governing them.

The figure and face of Thiers are ludicrous enough. He is a little man somewhat about four feet and a-half high, with large head and larger spectacles. The expression of his eye is so furtive that were it not known his purse is so well lined as to place him beyond such temptations, a casual spectator would immediately button up his pockets on the little man's approach. He is a great hater of the English—bastilled Paris chiefly to keep them at a distance—looked malignity unutterable when he visited them here, and assumes an aspect of dignity, meant to be overpowering, but in reality only absurd, whenever he comes in contact with the sons of *perfid Albion*. This hatred to England is the chief source of any influence he now retains with his countrymen; yet though the feeling to a considerable extent still prevails in France, and his ambition is unbounded, or only to be matched by his confidence and conceit, we cannot believe that it will ever secure him the post of president of the republic, to which he aspires. Thiers, it may be added, is a man of great wealth. Independent of his own acquisitions, he obtained a large fortune by marriage with the daughter of a stockbroker, with whom he was in the habit of trafficking in the funds.

IMPROMPTU, WRITTEN IN A PRINTING OFFICE.

SURE this is the grave where Genius lies dead;

For the sparks from its fires find here a dull tomb:—

Out of the head they fly into the lead,

And rest there obscured in the sables of gloom.

Not so! 'Tis the cloud which, though turgid and dark,

Forms the harbour of *light* that shall flash on the world:

It gathers its lightnings by spark after spark,

Which the *PRESS* launches forth, like a thunderbolt hurled.

E. R. L.

THE WONDROUS TALE OF BATH.*

By SILVERPEN.

It is necessary to tell, at this important climax of my story, that the house lay near the cathedral ; indeed, so much within its shadow, that a little monkish apple-garden in the rear was bounded by the cathedral-wall. The house was thus, perhaps, as ancient a one as any in Bath, and being let ready furnished, the first floor was occupied solely by Miss Apley ; whilst the ground floor and the third story (as bed-rooms for Jonathan and two grooms) were rented by young Tom, or as he was more usually called, " Young Squire Leighton." The basement was used by the domestics of both tenants, the larger and better portion being reserved to the exclusive use of Chubbs and Tinkle, whose astounding snugness in the little triangular room we have already notified.

As the enormously-wide staircase had a landing at every fifth or sixth step, Mr. Chubbs halted upon each to take breath, as the mysterious inner workings of so many muffins, joined with the ebullition of what had once been within the tun-bellied bottle, by no means added to the easiness of his breathing. The candle he carried was but a feeble light to show the great square gallery on to which the silent stepping party at length emerged, only that its feebleness was at this hour helped by the lucent moon, sailing in glory above the cathedral spire, and glittering and glistening on the deep-ribbed snow, that lay so thick on every eave and groined window-sill, and feathered every buttress and tapering pinnacle. The rooms on this floor were three, opening one into the other. Chubbs led the way into the first, with much mysterious reverence, it was a room of vast size, lighted by three arched windows, the shutters of which being unclosed, the moonbeams streamed through on the polished oaken-floor. The walls on every side, from floor to ceiling, except just over the fire-place, were covered with books ; not feather-weighted duodecimos that a salver would accommodate, but with vast folios, in which, for the present and to come, lay all the spiritual immortality which man's brain had fashioned and bequeathed to the great ameliorator, Time.

A small fire waned out upon the hearth, before which a cumbrous table was placed and a leather-covered chair. There were other tables in the room filled with books, but on this one specified many folios were open, so, the little worm biting very terribly just then, Mr. Flute put on his spectacles to look and judge, whilst Chubbs held the candle for Mr. Ramble and Mr. Shot to view the portrait of Dr. Apley, as it hung above the fire-place. By-and-by, however, glancing round, and seeing to what the writhing and tickling worm had urged, his sharpest prickle shot forth.

"Come, come," he said, in a voice that would have surprised Tinkle, "you may do the Psalms o' David—and that I don't deny ; but it's only my missis and the bishop as knows *this*. I se don't pretend to the cellar, when my vocation lies in the waiting way."

"*Obligatone conscientiae de—*"

"That 'll never do," grunted Chubbs, closing the book at the risk of offending his mistress, "it's as much like Lat-tin as is our Pompey's bark. Not that I mean to be waxatious, but I'd back my missis agin innny body for—"

The clerk's protest against *plenus rimarum sum*, or Chubbs's further elucidation of true Latinity, was stayed by an exclamation from Ramble, who stooping to the floor had lifted up a glove, which he forthwith held in the full glare of the candle. It was not a worn or an old-fashioned one, but a man's new right-hand

* Concluded from page 440.

glove, fringed and of dog's skin, as was then the mode. All examined—all had an exclamation—but Chubbs pondered.

"It inna dear master's; it inna poor Ned Clifton's, for missis keeps a power o' them sort o' things in her sectoire. Well, well, I know there's a sumfen in the wind by my feelins." So saying Mr. Chubbs pocketed the mystery, walked solemnly onward to the next room, leaving to the elucidation of chance what his sagacity could not fathom.

The next room was a bed-chamber, scarcely so large as the one just left. The furniture was old and ponderous, and attested the substantial notions of the bygone generation. The hearse-like bed stood high from the ground, and from the tester swept vast curtains of black velvet, the worse for wear and time, yet not wholly without a shadow on them of that past, when youth and beauty, woman's loveliness, man's pride, had nestled beneath them; so rich in hope of life; so overcharged with the gaudiness of dreams, that the very greenness of that Paradise, which as yet made a heaven of earth to them, lived here, and lingered there in spots and specks, in nooks and corners of decay like a lingering spirit whose ministry it was to testify how eternal are love and truth.

The fire, though ready, was yet unlighted on the broad hearth, but a lamp that stood upon a table near the bed was bright enough to show that here, within these four lone walls, human affection garnered up all that time had left of the harvests of the past. One picture—one picture of a babe—was multiplied by the arithmetic of love. Though the hues in each grew brighter, the eyes more blue, the golden hair more nut-brown, till at last the little bud, hidden like a lily in its fostering leaves, waxed forth, and was the flower, no sky was too serene or azure to behold. Here, too, was a young man's face, shadowed as if by a sorrow, newly born. There were rich cabinets, on which rare articles of plate stood forth, from the babe's Apostle-spoon to the expectant marriage flagon. There were other recesses nearer still, the bed, on which the needle-work, the housewife, the psalter, the last-gathered flower, the last-seen love-knot, the last-worn jewel, lay side by side—a very bead-roll of maternal love. There were books, again, and a chamber organ, and other things—lavish evidences of wealth and cultivation.

As Mr. Chubbs was now taciturn, the company, after an examination, proceeded into a small reading-closet, the furthest room of the three. A massive door, placed a few feet from the bed's head, led into it, and on this side the sleeping-chamber it was furnished with a broad massive wedge of iron, which running into a staple, when the door was closed, served as a strong bolt. First peeping significantly, Chubbs marched in, and up to the sole window, which looked forth pleasantly into the apple garden we have mentioned, and being a cheerful place Miss Apley sat often here in summer—nay, in winter, too, when the southern sun stole out at noontide on the cloisters. Whilst the little worm was fed with its due food of peeps and significant nudges, Mr. Chubbs made an examination of the window and then of the night, by throwing back the shutters and looking out upon the little snow-clad garden. As he closed the window it struck even his dull brain that pulleys and cords, hitherto so creaking and obstreperous went smoother, and coupling this with his new-fledged opinion that there was "a sumfen in the wind," he carefully re-closed the shutters. But upon re-placing their iron bolt the pin that fastened it was missing; it was neither to be found on window-seat nor floor. As, however, he was in no wise acute enough to judge a cause from an obvious effect, and hearing at that instant Mrs. Tinkle's voice in the adjoining room he lighted out the company, and getting a large nail and hammer from a closet in the sitting-room, supplied the place of the missing pin, after a little hammering, a few ejaculatory puffs, and an upturned nail point to the nail head in the form of the tail of a parish boy's pothook.

As the little honey-lipped Abigail—and silver-tongued, too, God be praised for it—had just slipped up stairs to light the fire and perform certain little offices against the return of her mistress, she informed cynical Shot, orthodox Flute,

and solemn Chubbs, not mentioning the peculiarities of the rest, that the fowls were getting brown; that a little *entrément* of fruit and oranges awaited them in the triangular parlour; and that, moreover, Mr. Jeego had arrived, big with the news of the continuous snow-storm and its demonstrations. As the little worm now nibbled in more than one direction the male part of the company adjourned; Mr. Chubbs, in his excitement to see his once professional friend, Jeego, quite oblivious of that mysterious "sumfen in the wind."

The ladies (I am always respectful in great company) stopped behind to tattle and peep at the wonders of an antique wardrobe, and when they did descend to the kitchen, where Biddy officiated, the fowls were done, the cloth laid, and all things ready for the dishing, which was to be a cannonade extraordinary into the heart of Mrs. Shot.

And certainly the skill of the little woman was admirable—no mistake, nothing forgotten, herself bearing in the chief dish in quite a grenadier fashion, Jonathan kindly helping her with others, so that there was soon cutting and serving: which first honour of the latter kind was performed to Mr. Jeego, he being very hungry and recently delivered of a portion of his astounding story—a liver, wing, a large potato, melted butter, delicate bacon upon his plate, when a rap came to the hall-door so loud and quick that little Mrs. Tinkle leaped off her seat, and exclaimed: "Well, there is master, God be praised!" for Mr. Jeego, during the carving of the fowls, had greatly augmented the Fast Flier's perils and Tom's sufferings during his journey from town. Jonathan hurried up stairs and admitted young Leighton, who with scarcely more than a passing word, stepped past him into the luxuriously-furnished room I have mentioned. From the door to the sofa was but a stride, not more than three from thence to his bed-chamber, coming back again so quickly, too, that he stumbled over Jonathan, and then somewhat angrily exclaimed—

"What! the sofa—the bed—the what—not come?"

"A letter, sir?" queried Jonathan, though it was not probable that a letter could have put on a night cap.

"You, blockhead, no! I told Jeego, the coachman, to—"

"He's getting his supper, sir, in Mrs. Tinkle's parlour."

You should have seen how Tom strode; Jonathan, who followed the progress, began to have an idea that he had admitted a light-heeled Jack, for in a moment Tom Leighton was actually in the kitchen with his grasp on Jeego's throat just as that worthy was open mouthed to receive the liver and a good slice of Mrs. Tinkle's brownest fowl.

"You old rascal," said Tom, quite excitedly, as he grasped his fingers now so tight that the usual lively red of Mr. Jeego's face was changing rapidly into purple.

"Beg pardon, sir—all right, sir—in the back-us—in the coat—with the other parcels, sir, please—please, sir;" and he gasped so that the tears, induced by his suppressed breathing, flowed down into the salt-cellar before him. But Tom did not stop for further question or answer; he left the little triangular parlour, bidding Jonathan come along and close the door after him, and went through the passage into a little dark stone-paved kitchen, where upon an old dresser in the midst, piled up with hampers of game, baskets of fish, heaps of winter apples, strings of onions, was just carelessly cast what looked for all the world like Mr. Jeego's shoulders, as seen upon the box of the Fast Flier, in its progress to and fro from Bath to London. It was the veritable coat, Mr. Jeego's fourteen-caped coat, and as stout a thing as ever any old malicious North-easter puffed its cheeks at,—yet, nevertheless, it might have been a rose-leaf for the way Tom went to work about it. Lifting up one cape, then another, then bidding Jonathan hold the light nearer, till at last there, cosy, snug, warm as any little mouse in a nest of rare nibbling and pains-taking, lay asleep a child some twelve months old or thereabouts, with its hair so golden—so like brave Tom's, which was golden, too—that Jonathan looked aghast from one to the other, and thought that his master's pec-

cadilloes had come to something at last. Then, saying "Hush!" Tom took up the infant as if he knew all about it and had got his hand in for the nursing; and so stepping out with the coat still over the child, he was soon up stairs into that richly-furnished room, the door closed, the down pillows of the silken-covered sofa placed snugly for the baby; and when it lay on them, and he had drawn up his chair close beside it, and right before the fire, he said to Jonathan, very earnestly, "This baby's mother was found in the snow. Did Jeego tell you?"

"About the mother, but not of the baby."

"We'll keep the secret, then, for to-night if we can," added Tom, "for this baby, Jonathan, has, I think, been one of the sorrows of poor Alice Apley, and that it is her we've found I scarcely doubt." Tom was so full of thought that he said no more, and Jonathan, knowing too well his master's mood to disturb him, placed his slippers, set wine on the table, brought to his side the yet unopened letters and papers, and then descended again to the triangular parlour. Like divines in the heat of a polemical discourse every tongue was at work cannonading Mr. Jeego with a full battery of questions, some certainly not without a little touch of casuistry. "Was it a hare—was it a fowl—was it a pig—was it a fish—was it a stone—was it round, or square, or long, or short? Had it legs, or fins, or wings? Did it breathe, or gape, or see? Would it run, or fly, or walk, or swim?" To every one of which interrogations Jeego nodded a negative, or made a round O with his mouth, or moved uneasily in his chair, as if he should like to tell and yet dare not, thinking of Tom's injunction. As for supper, it had become a secondary consideration. Boiled custards went off as nothing; tarts as things very well in their way; even the Shots' envy was nipped in the bud: thus showing that this particular passion is subordinate to curiosity. By the time, however, the cloth was cleared away, and the water for the punch steaming in the bright kettle on the hob, little Mrs. Tinkle hit upon it, "*a child*." Whereupon Mr. Flute shook his head, a certain spinstress I've not cared to particularise blushed; Mrs. Shot sighed, Mr. Chubbs smiled, and Mr. Ramble said something about human nature; at which Jeego could not restrain his head from giving an affirmative nod, thus gently bleeding the plethora of his garrulity, without being wholly irreverent to Tom's injunction. Whereupon there was a fresh and sharper cannonade, but Jeego was now invulnerable to shot of any kind, he had let in a portion of his enemy, and now closed the castle gates with a bolt of impenetrable brass. This being at last discovered there was a digression to Mr. Chubbs's story of the glove, with divers others from Jonathan, then songs from Mr. Ramble, a new edition of the snow storm from Jeego, a few of Mr. Chubbs's sharpest prickles, and the punch went round.

It was near midnight, still the party sat, for a glowing fire was before them, a drifting snow outside. I do not know what there could be in Jonathan's breast, but punch could not stay him from slipping up stairs now and then, and at last going boldly in to speak to Tom. The young squire was, however, asleep, with his hand couched beside the babe's face, strong and unrelaxed, as if to guard the little rose-bud. Jonathan mended the fire, put out the candles, and withdrew, the same chill fear arresting his footsteps.

As he opened the door to go out into the hall he heard Miss Apley's chair, and in a moment the hall-door was opened with her latch-key, the chair brought in, set down in its usual corner, the men departed, Miss Apley herself drawing bolt and bar after them. Then she went up and down stairs a few times, then closed her door up stairs, then all was still. Proud, lonely, strange woman! What could there be in Jonathan's silly fears?

For the life of him he could not return again to the merry little party, but up and on that old landing there he took his stand, the minutes seeming hours, from the mere reason that he had doubts of Biddy's honesty; that he had seen her look, had noticed her watching by the area-rails as he closed his master's study-shutters; that to these things he could make addition of the story of the

glove; and yet Jonathan's heart was as stout as his tongue was still. Fear is, however, of quick growth when it is fed by stillness, and when at last he passed his hand across his face, and found the dew standing in drops, he stopped no longer to doubt, but went down straight and awoke the young squire, told him all he knew and had that night seen. Then, curious—had Alice's re-appearance (if it were she) anything to do with a new and darker story? Tom's fear at once became as great as Jonathan's, and was full grown in a moment. He snatched up his sword, and without shoes and in the dark both he and Jonathan hurried on to the dreary, lonely landing, to knock and arouse the aged woman; but there was not time for this. Then came—well, as it's wonderful I must tell it circumstantially.

Belinda Apley had returned at midnight, as I have said, and that with a large sum of money in specie, which had that night been paid to her by Fardlow, her London attorney, who lay ill at the Bush, as we've seen; for, eccentric in most things and disliking country banks, she usually kept by her a large sum in gold, brought down from town twice every year by Fardlow in person. On this occasion the sum was unusually large, for the purposes of winter charity.

The fire burnt brightly in the bed-room, and when she laid aside her hood she returned to the sitting-room for a book, as well as to see that the outer door was secure, for she remembered the gold upon the table. As she crossed to one side of the room a shadow, a something, flitted across her eyesight as the intervening door stood open. For the instant she felt a vague sense of fear, but she took down the book, and with it the matter was forgotten. Once again before her chamber fire she poured out the steaming chocolate, so delicately made by Tinkle, opened her book, and read till the cathedral clock struck one. It was before her usual hour of retiring to rest, yet when she heard the bell she piled some coals upon the fire, leisurely undressed and went to bed, the lamp still burning, though with a deadened light, and the glow from the fire strongly flickering across the floor. She had been in bed some minutes (as she afterwards told Tom and Jonathan, and ejaculatory Chubbs, and weeping, dashing little Tinkle) when she missed her pocket-handkerchief, and looking over the bed side on to the floor for it, reached to see if it were beneath the valance, when—merciful God!—as she pushed aside the tarnished velvet, there, outstretched, was a living human hand and the darkened wrist of that old memory, withdrawn quicker than thought, but not before it had been unmistakably beheld. In that one moment the agony of years was lived through and endured. She lay for minutes as one bound by cords, not bereft of sense, for that was too keen. An appalling death had to be suffered—no hope of mercy, no chance of escape. She had not power to cry, her throat and tongue seemed parched by molten fire. Perhaps this was fortunate, for as volition came again strong moral courage overmastered fear. Should she die as a dog, and feeling thus? No; there should be fortitude, the nerves of mentality should exceed the force of the strong hand. Was the blow to descend this moment? She moved her pillow as if to sleep, and drew the curtain. For some minutes she lay profoundly still. Surely that stillness typified coming death. All was yet silent. So far the cunning of reason had deceived. Then she moved restlessly to and fro, as one who tried and yet could not sleep. Then she pushed back the curtain and gazed calmly out upon the fire, and began to speak in that sort of way that people do when resting in the surety of being alone. She spoke of Alice, of her servants, of kind Tom Leighton, her neighbour, and to whom Dr. Apley had been guardian, of her increasing infirmities, of her property, of the money in the room that night, of its disposal; and at last that, being wakeful and unable to rest, it would be as well to look over that sum that night as Fardlow had desired, and prepare some few accounts that it would be necessary to send to London on the morrow. She got out of bed, put on her silken dressing-gown, stirred up the fire, looked calmly about, drew some papers from her pocket-book, and was so minute and circumstantial in her effort to affect unconscious-

ness that she even watched the minute-hand of the dial on the mantel-piece. At last she calmly carried these papers, the lamp, and an inkstand, into the adjoining closet, and went back several times to fetch the gold; this she laid out upon a little table in this closet, spread it forth, counted it, talked over it, its uses, and her plans. Then she wrote, yet still muttering loudly at intervals chinking the gold, placing it in little heaps of fifties—and two thousand guineas made many such—trying to be cool, firm, unshaken, as the proof of that “figlosofi” Mr. Chubbs was so fond of talking about. She did command herself, and at last came back into the bed-chamber, erect and with outward fearlessness, though one rustle, one scratch upon the floor, might have made that nerved volition fail. She placed the lamp again upon the table, threw off her gown, stepped into bed, and drew the dark funeral curtains close, that might only be opened again for the blow of death. Then all was still. Minutes of agony passed by, yet she breathed loud as one who slept. At last the movement came, the rustling of the curtains, the slide of the knee, the erection of the body, and sounds that would not have been audible at another time were now, in this moment of superhuman and overwrought agony, loud as a passing bell. There was a movement to the fire, an evident examination of the mantel-shelf, then steps back to where the lamp stood, then, at last, a gliding finger on the curtains, soft, subtle—soft, subtle, it might have been a mother’s fingers within her baby’s first dropping curl. Then came between the streak of fire and lamp-light like a streak of gold, broader—broader, face, nose, mouth, seen bit by bit, pale, haggard, wrought, those fingers tangible and round. The lamp brought nearer, the light stronger on those close-shut lids, to see if they twittered, or winked, or wavered—no, she was asleep. Then there was a movement away again back to the hearth, and she with those acute ears knew it and looked forth perhaps her last. By the fire, with his back to her, stood a man, his gaze fixed upon the face of Alice Apley. Could not that glorious beauty avert his cruel, purpose? It seemed not, for he sat down in the low arm-chair, stooped to the blaze, drew forth, and then moved his head quickly round towards the bed. Had he seen those eyelids? God’s help is needed if indeed he had, for he came swiftly back, bringing the lamp, holding it in his left hand, whilst in the other was his weapon. He would not effect his purpose thus, but setting the lamp down upon the chair, drew the curtain roughly back, and with one hand to her forehead and the weapon to her throat, one thrust and the mortal agony of fear would have been over. Was it done? Have I to tell of one mortal shriek upon its way to Heaven to cry man’s curse upon God’s divine work? No! no! There was momentary terror, and the assassin’s heart quailed. *She was asleep.* No eye blinked, no nerve moved, all was rigid, calm; the repose of age and peacefulness. He moved away, yet in agony his hot breath and his wavering fingers seemed to stay behind. Yes; he moved towards the closet—was it but a feint, for he came quickly back when he had reached the threshold to look once more? She still slept. Then into the closet with the lamp, he soon seemed to sit down before the array of gold. That was the first thing. She could hear the money moved—heap after heap—one, two, three. Now, God help thee, aged woman, it was thy movement—*thy only one.* She moved as if treading on goosamer—she knew a villain’s ear was keen. Footfall be as flake of snow to earth!—*It was.* She was on the floor—now no shadow. She looked through the chink of the hinges, his face was towards her, and his blackened wrist raised to move the gold. *Now or never.* He moved his eyes, he seemed to listen. A moment forward—the door was on him; a giant push—which should master? There was doubt and a murderous struggle. But—but—hope of life nerved the hand. Good God! the bolt shook, but it slipped, thank Heaven! *Mind, over brute force, triumphed once again.* Oh, glorious human mind!

And that sound it was that came to Tom Leighton’s ear—the sound of a heavy door closed by a giant hand—such a sound as rang from basement to garret, and its echo seemed gathered up from every arch in the cathedral, a stone’s-throw off.

A moment, and the aged woman in her night-dress opened the door, stood before Jonathan and Leighton, with every muscle rigid, with only power to gasp, "Come in, *the rat is caught*."

Young Tom was too excited to move than raise the insensible woman, drag her into the room, place her in a chair, and then whilst Jonathan shouted to the two grooms in bed above stairs, clash the bell for Chubbs and Tinkle, which not only brought them in a trice, but Shot, and Flute, and Jeego, and the rest, for they were over the parting glass (it being now somewhere about three in the morning) when that clash appalled and startled.

Eager for one purpose, Tom's hand was the first upon the closet-door. Jonathan and the two grooms being all and as much excited. They could hear the noise within, the struggle at the window, which was to have been the outlet after the robbery, as Biddy, the bribed hireling, had left the garden into the close unlocked. But Chubbs's unconscious pot-hook saved the mark; there was no light, the lamp had been shook to the ground by the closing door, and the palsied fingers of terror moved in vain. The bolt back, infuriated, breathless, Tom rushed in with all those helpers. There was no chance of escape. In an instant the struggle for mastery was over, desperate as it was, and I do believe, Tom, like a giant, with his sole arm, dragged the fellow down stairs into his own room, now broadly lighted with twenty gleaming candles, snatched up anywhere, everywhere. Presently the insensible woman was brought down, Tinkle and Mrs. Shot and Mrs. Flute weeping over her, whilst Chubbs's bristles and astonishment were divided betwixt his mistress, the screaming, awakened baby, and his retrospect that he "knewed there was a sumfen in the wind."

Before this, however, Jonathan was off and away to rouse the town police and constables, and though it was a winter's night, and a deep snow still falling and lying round, the WONDROUS TALE stole on like the cry of "Fire!" and this in a large measure effected by the *aquea bazalus* propensity of Mr. Flute, who even forgot Sternhold and Hopkins when his little gnawing worm could feed others with its own natural food. A crowd poured in, the dressed and the undressed—scrambling, squabbling, fighting to hear the tale. Head above head, doctors, constables, watchmen—it was a study for Rembrandt. As the first constable clenched the handcuffs on the fellow, Tom and Chubbs, at the same instant, saw that blackened wrist; then came back again straight to Tom's mind all at once the living baby and the perished creature, who, from Mr. Snittle's evidence and her journey onward to Bath he had rightly judged to be Alice Apley. Nobody but Chubbs had heard that baby's screams, but Tom's ear was newly opened, and his heart wondering and full. To the amazement of all he snatched the baby up from its bed on the sofa and brought it forward above the stooping constable's head. The felon looked up as Tom bade him with a sort of sottish leer, which strangely changed when he beheld the baby bending towards him with outstretched arms. Tom spoke, and spoke again, the only answer was a sullen word or two about "Alley being on his trail."

"Then, as God's in Heaven," replied Tom, "she perished in the snow storm of last night."

"Found just after the dear Fast Flier stuck and put me out o' sorts, but got all right again," chimed in Jeego.

"Amen, amen," added Mrs. Flute, in the absence of the *aquea bazalus*.

"This, then, is your child," asked Tom, intreatingly; "her's—Alice's?"

"I think I know something about it," the felon replied, with a drunken swagger. "Ally's dead, is she?—well, she was mad enough. As for the child, its the only living one out of five, but you may take it; Jack Wisters's brat 'll be a present for you."

"Wisters!" ejaculated all the constables and Jeego included.

"Yes, my hearties, clap on. The felon with five hundred pounds reward stuck upon his coat-tail. Go on. It's news enough for one night."

He averted his glance from the child, and moved away of his own will with a

brisk step of *nonchalance*. And now Tom's thoughts reverted back to the ancient lady, still insensible, but happily of the worthy little doctor living by the Bush, who was wading through the snow from a professional visit as the cry was raised. The lady when bled was placed in Tom's bed, the little doctor watched beside; little honey-bee Tinkle officiated, like a soothing soul as she was; Chubbs helped on this occasion without one thought of his "British constitution;" Mrs. Shot, at a word from Tom, fed the baby with a delicate confection compounded by herself; whilst Tom and Jonathan were here, there, everywhere, collecting evidence, arousing Snittle, consulting Fardlow, and doing a world of business before the dull, drear, winter morning broke.

And when it did the very heart of Bath seemed roused. The noble, the wealthy, the poor, came in crowds, as if prompted by a miracle. Fardlow, ill as he was, came in a chair; Snittles came, too, quite in his glory, with red-taped papers, and a continuous flow of Latin; but on this occasion there was one traditional axiom pre-eminent, *Dilationes in lege sunt odiose*.

By-and by as the feeble shaken lady was restored to consciousness, her evidence was noted down in such plain fashion as I have related the peril, then bit by bit (leaning whilst she heard it in the tender arms of Tinkle and Chubbs standing by) the strange story of Alice's death was told her. When she did comprehend it—slowly, to be sure—anguish and pleasure strove with one another. Anguish predominating, yet pleasure tangible and lasting, as she folded the re-born image of Alice to her beating, ebbing, overlaid heart. It was as a flower of mercy gathered and to be worn, to palliate the perpetration of foul wrong. She was long closeted with Fardlow. The reason was well conjectured by Tom when some days after Wisters escaped from gaol in a mysterious manner. Tom knew Belinda's oath to her dead brother, and conjectured rightly of bribed gaolers or turnkeys. Nothing further was heard of Wisters for some months, till recognised and shot dead by the guard in an attempt to rob the Chester mail on its night journey across Hounslow-heath.

Much of Alice's mournful story had to be conjectured, though the woman Chinkpeep was discovered and arrested. She it was who had waylaid and bribed the charwoman, Biddy, to admit Wisters to Miss Apley's rooms. On the first search for this abandoned woman she was missing. The night following however, she was discovered in the close, drunk and nearly dead with cold. Her purpose had evidently been to watch Wisters' egress from the window, lest he should overreach her and get free with the gold. As this watch had been a long one she had solaced herself with something stronger than water, and this with the cold had proved an overdose. She proved sullen both on her examination and after her committal; but it being in those days of super-excellent prison discipline, when the gaoler was often a greater scoundrel than any convicted felon within his custody, she found means to replenish the above-mentioned strong-water bottle so unceasingly from day to day, that one night she suddenly drank for ever the waters of a Lethe of another kind.

Thus much of Alice's story became known after a time, that Wisters, a young fellow of large property in Yorkshire, had fallen during a profligate life upon town, into the hands of this woman Chinkpeep; when he had outrun a fortune of some fifty thousand pounds, he came upon this woman for money she had borrowed at various times; Alice's expected fortune was suggested as a substitute, and a plot contrived and carried into effect. Her walks were waylaid by Wisters. As he was then handsome and always richly dressed, poor simple, trusting Alice soon liked and loved, for her approaching marriage with Clifton was in her heart more a matter of esteem and duty than attachment. Under the assumed title of a lord of ancient family, Wisters proposed a clandestine marriage on account of pretended family reasons. Alice, ever unsuspecting, yielded and became this man's wife, to find her fatal error before the expiration of a single week. She was now urged to apply at home for money; this she refused to do. From this time commenced a series of persecutions and reproaches, to avoid which she fled, and endeavoured to support herself by the

work of her needle. Wisters found her out again, and there was a reconciliation on the promise of avoiding the woman Chinkpeep. Soon after this reconciliation her first child was born; then followed her insanity from renewed ill-usage; the birth of other children, and the writing of that note when Wisters had been wounded by some one who had stoutly stood up in her defence. Then came the birth of this last and only living child; then her confirmed insanity. Separated from her child, she had escaped to regain it—found in searching for it that Chinkpeep had left London for Bath, and with the cunning of insanity perhaps divined the reason. She seems, after the possession of this idea, to have sought out Fardlow—he was gone, and to write did not evidently suggest itself to her wandering brain. As soon as she had regained her child, which had been put out to nurse by Chinkpeep, she set out on her weary way to Bath and perished as we have seen; leaving, however, warm by her chill heart, a bud and blossom of her beautiful self.

The child, the new-born Alice, served as a fresh existence to the ancient lady. The real story of its birth was hushed up as well as might be, in spite that Mr. Chubbs would, at times, whisper it confidentially. The Fast Flier got well on its legs again, and performed for divers years its usual journeys with great effect, under the whip and guidance of Mr. Jeego. By it, when quite convalescent, Mr. Fardlow, accompanied by Snittles, returned to town, where the latter so quoted Latin and understood the law that in due time he became a solicitor in his own person, and was patronised by young Tom in well-paying matters of marriage settlements, leases, dowries, and so forth. Flute and Shot became popular in Bath—the one sold much confectionery, and the other obtained much *holy-water* honour. The latter's once self-gnawing little worm fed the curiosity of thousands, and set other little worms to tantalise, to thrust, to tickle, and disobey, as it once had done till for ever fed by the **WONDROUS TALE OF BATH.**

Lastly, Miss Apley, with Chubbs, and Tinkle, the pictures, and the books, went on their way, the spring after the story, to an ancient hall of Tom Leighton's in the west of England, where she lived some years to rear a budding and more glorious Alice. This bud, just ripening to a flower, she gave to Tom, who blessed the gift, and wore it with true man's love for ever in his heart. Thus was there an Alice Leighton before Belinda Apley died, very old in years, but very young in all that freshness of the heart, which shows it to be a thing fashioned by the hand of the Divine.

Tinkle never left the old hive, but stored up the honey of her sweet nature with wondrous industry, a little portion of which was very serviceable as Mr. Chubbs found his "British constitution" decay. Yet under all Chubbs's prickles was oil as well as balm for far more wounds than they had ever made.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

JOHN AND HENRY III.

THE life of King John would be one of a peculiarly uninteresting character, were it not for the noble struggle in which the barons were engaged in obtaining from their reluctant sovereign that powerful bulwark of English liberty, the Magna Charta. It is almost needless to expatiate on the manifold benefits secured to posterity by the existence of the great charter; it raised the people to a position previously unattainable, it established on an enduring basis those rights which are now universally acknowledged, and it defined the regal authority in such a manner as to confer upon the nation at large a degree of influence over the affairs of Government that they had never before enjoyed. It indicated, too, a decided advancement in public opinion, and served not only to uproot that old doctrine that kings may with impunity oppress and abuse their subjects, but to liberate the popular mind from the trammels of ignorance and the despotism of the powerful. Though the salutary effects of the great charter were not immediately visible, yet its privileges were zealously guarded; while the comprehensive nature of its provisions rendered them as suitable to the period in which they were first promulgated as to the requirements of subsequent ages. Much are we indebted to the barons of the thirteenth century for asserting the rights of justice, and procuring from their refractory sovereign such a code of liberties as would contribute to the public weal.

John, the eldest brother of Richard *Cœur de Lion*, was born in the year 1167, His father (Henry II.), uniformly evinced towards this, his youngest son, the utmost affection, but his heart was so little formed to reciprocate kindness, that when his aged parent, weighed down with family disputes, longed for the repose which had been so repeatedly denied him, Prince John, to render his grief yet more poignant, deserted him and sided with his rebellious brother Richard. During the reign of the latter monarch, too, his restless, aspiring disposition tended in some degree to endanger the peace of the crusader king's English dominions, so that from his early days to his assumption of the crown of his ancestors, his life had been devoted to the most pitiful pursuits that could engage the attention of a successor to the royal dignity. Such was the education which John had bestowed upon his limited mind, the fruits of which will be apparent before we complete the sketch of his ignoble career.

In accordance with Richard's Will, this prince ascended the throne on the 23rd of May, 1199, having been crowned at Westminster Abbey in the customary mode. Shortly afterwards, John sailed for the Continent, to protect his Norman territories from the aggressive designs of the powerful sovereign, Philip of France. Several circumstances connected with this dispute subsequently occurred, which deprived John of many of his European possessions. The most memorable of these was the murder of Arthur, Duke of Britany, the nephew and rival of the English king. Though many versions of this sad affair are recorded, the guilt of the crime seems to rest upon the head of the young duke's uncle: at least nothing has yet appeared to acquit him of a criminal participation, nor has John himself ever denied the weighty evidence

adduced to establish the truth of his infamous conduct. It is sufficient for us to observe, that Arthur's death took place in a very mysterious manner in the prison of Rouen; that in consequence, Philip summoned the English monarch to answer the charge of having murdered the Duke of Britany, an order which he disregarded, and thus nearly all the Continental provinces formerly belonging to the British crown were annexed to the French dominions. This proceeding may appear somewhat strange and unwarrantable, but it should be remembered that in virtue of the feudal laws John, who had sworn fealty to Philip, was responsible for the protection of his vassal, Arthur, Duke of Britany. Peace, however, was not restored between these sovereigns till October, 1206, when a truce for two years was at length concluded.

In a preceding number we made some cursory observations on the feudal system, and expressed ourselves in rather a favourable manner with regard to that institution. Although the principles of feudalism possess many imperfections, and are peculiarly unsuited to an enlightened era, yet a dark and comparatively barbarous age needs some grand social system in order to preserve society from degenerating into utter listlessness. That desideratum feudalism supplied; and not only did it form the connecting link between the whole of the then civilised world, but it promoted the general good more effectually than institutions founded for a similar purpose might probably have accomplished. One of its most admirable features consisted in the duty it imposed upon the noble to protect his vassal; a duty which the monarch equally with the subject was bound to fulfil, and a neglect of which necessarily incurred a heavy penalty. Two remaining events, the last of which was replete with the most mighty consequences for the English nation, occupied the rest of John's life. These circumstances were in some measure produced by his nephew's murder, and by the unfavourable opinion entertained of him in his own kingdom. Certainly his policy hitherto had not been of such a character as to inspire public confidence in his capacity for administration, or to allay the people's apprehension as to their sovereign's willingness to subserve their welfare. He was now engaged in hostilities with the pope, a much more formidable enemy than Philip of France. The dispute was somewhat of the same nature as that with Henry II. concerning the right of investiture; the real point at issue being whether the power of electing the Archbishop of Canterbury should rest with the prelates or with the monks of St. Augustin's Abbey, in that city. The king supported the former, the pope the latter, so that virtually the contest was between John and Innocent III. The two opponents were equally firm in asserting their supposed rights, but the pontiff, well knowing his power, resolved to force submission, and accordingly pronounced an interdict upon the whole of England, by which all the offices of religion were suspended for two years, and afterwards excommunicated him, as well as those with whom he had the least intercourse; a measure which nullified law, government, and, in fact, annihilated the entire fabric of order. But these inflictions of papal vengeance would have proved comparatively harmless had it not been for the contemplated invasion of the French monarch, for the purpose of acquiring the throne, from which, by reason of excommunication, John had been declared deposed. Armed with the authority and sanction of Innocent, Philip had commenced preparations for that remarkable enterprise, when the threatening aspect of affairs so intimidated the English sovereign, that he yielded to the pope's demands. His submission was couched in the most abject terms; he agreed to retract his objection to the election of Archbishop Langton to the See of Canterbury—to indemnify the clergy for the losses they had sustained during the late contest, and finally, to surrender his dominions to the papal power, and to pay his holiness an annual tribute of one thousand marks. To his everlasting degradation, John acceded to these conditions, apparently without the least regret—not even attempting to mitigate the severity of the pope's edicts, nor conducting himself in a manner becoming the dignity of royalty.

Between the date (15th May, 1213) of the termination of this dispute, and

the commencement of that one to which we shall shortly allude, few incidents arose of an important character. During, however, the continuance of the papal interdict, the king had subdued a rebellion in Ireland, arrayed his forces against the refractory Welsh, and now he determined to prosecute a war in his former Continental territories, but the advantages he obtained were of a very limited nature.

It may reasonably be supposed that John's late proceedings in resigning his kingdom into the power of the Vatican, would lead the influential barons to form a most unfavourable judgment of their sovereign, as well as render them peculiarly sensitive of their rights and privileges. Their monarch's capricious temperament and haughty demeanour not only produced general discontent, but in the opinion of several nobles justified them in adopting measures for demanding the king's observance of the charter of Henry I., to the wise provisions of which little attention had latterly been paid. These devoted champions of the popular privileges first assembled on the 20th of November, 1213, in the abbey of St. Edmundsbury, and there resolved to sever their allegiance from the royal person, and to support their just demands at the point of the sword, unless John complied with their requests. Although this was a most resolute step, the barons were fully aware of their own strength, and of their monarch's inability to resist. They knew the extent of the public discontent; they knew the weak position in which he had been placed by the wavering fealty of their countrymen, his own impolitic conduct, and the absence of all foreign assistance; and therefore they selected the present opportunity as one most likely to ensure success. Fortunately they had not miscalculated the probability of eventual triumph.

The confederated barons (among whom Langton acted a prominent part,) in due time assembled in London, where they presented their petition to the king, who promised to return an answer in the course of a few months; after the expiration of which they rallied their numerous forces, and repaired to Brackley, near Oxford. In this city, on the 27th of April, 1215, the articles comprised in the memorial were submitted to John, who exclaimed, "And why do they not also demand my dominions?" an assertion which was followed by his swearing that he "should never grant his subjects such liberties as would make himself a slave." Upon receiving a reply so directly opposed to their combined requests, they immediately commenced hostilities; besieged the royal castle, published a manifesto, that those barons who remained neutral would render their estates liable to seizure, and at length obtained possession of the metropolis, where a negotiation was opened, which, however, deferred the settlement of the dispute to the 15th of June. On that day, the two parties met at Runnymede, a field on the banks of the Thames, between Windsor and Staines, and after a conference of four days, the whole affair was terminated by King John signing two documents, one of which was the Magna Charta; the other a charter intended to lessen the rigours of the forest laws. In order to maintain in their original spirit the liberties now publicly conceded, a certain number of barons were appointed for the purpose of enforcing the observance of the charter on the part of the sovereign; and, provided its enactments were disregarded, to declare war against their monarch.

Having briefly alluded to the circumstances connected with this memorable event, it may be well to glance at the Magna Charta itself. The most able and lucid summary of its principles is contained in Sir James Mackintosh's history; we shall, therefore, extract a few portions from that work:—"Many parts of the great charter were pointed against the abuses of the power of the king as lord paramount, and have lost their importance since the downfall of the system of feuds, which it was their purpose to mitigate. But it contains a few maxims of just government, applicable to all places and times, of which it is hardly possible to overrate the importance of the first promulgation by the supreme authority of a powerful and renowned nation. Some clauses, though limited in words by feudal relations, yet covered general principles of equity

which were not slowly unfolded by the example of the charter, and by their obvious application to the safety and well-being of the whole community."

One of the articles especially refers to the subject of taxes, the levying of which shall alone rest with "the general council of the kingdom; a concession which, though from motives unknown to us, was not so extensive as the demand, yet applied to bodies so numerous and considerable as sufficiently to declare a principle, which could not long continue barren, that the consent of the community is essential to just taxation; which in the first instance guarded against arbitrary exaction, and in due time, showed the means of peaceably subjecting the regal power to parliamentary and national opinion. The thirty-ninth article of this charter is that important clause which forbids arbitrary imprisonment and punishment without lawful trial. *Let no freeman be imprisoned or outlawed, or in any manner injured nor proceeded against by us, otherwise than by the legal judgment of his peers or by the law of the land.* In this clause are clearly contained the writ of habeas corpus, and the trial by jury—the most effectual securities against oppression which the wisdom of man has hitherto been able to devise. * * * It is observable that the language of the great charter is simple, brief, general without being abstract, and expressed in terms of authority, not of argument, yet commonly so reasonable as to carry with it the intrinsic evidence of its own fitness. It was understood by the simplest of the unlettered age for whom it was intended. It was remembered by them; and though they did not perceive the extensive consequences which might be derived from it, their feelings were, however unconsciously, exalted by its generality and grandeur. * * * On the English nation, undoubtedly, the charter has contributed to bestow the union of establishment with improvement. To all mankind it set the first example of the progress of a great people for centuries, in blending their tumultuary democracy and haughty nobility with a fluctuating and vaguely-limited monarchy, so as at length to form from these discordant materials the only form of free government which experience had shown to be reconcilable with widely-extended dominions."

Sir James Mackintosh concludes his reference to the Magna Charta in the following eloquent terms:—

"To have produced it, to have preserved it, to have matured it, constitute the immortal claim of England on the esteem of mankind. Her Bacons and Shakspeares, her Miltons and Newtons, with all the truth which they have revealed, and all the generous virtue which they have inspired, are of inferior value, when compared with the subjection of men and their rulers to the principles of justice; if, indeed, it be not more true that these mighty spirits could not have been formed, except under equal laws, nor roused to full activity, without the influence of that spirit which the great charter breathed over their forefathers."

It was obvious, from the readiness with which John at last assented to the baronial demands, that in doing so he had some ulterior object in view; for shortly after the termination of the conference at Runnymede, he wrote to the Pope, stating that his subjects had placed him under the greatest constraint, at the same time enclosing, for the information and sanction of his holiness, a copy of the renowned Magna Charta. The pontiff, for three reasons, released him from his oath in respect of the charter—first, that the king had previously intended performing a pilgrimage to the sacred city of Jerusalem; secondly, that compulsory agreements were not valid; and, thirdly, that being the pope's vassal, John could not act independently of the papal control. To the honour of the barons they attached very little importance to these reasons, and not only did they resist the infringement of their rights, but Stephen Langton, a primate of whom his countrymen may well be proud, refused to obey the pope's command relative to excommunicating the originators of the great charter. Though they, however, spurned the interference of the apostolic see, King John courted it, and considered he had now sufficient justification for adopting measures to deprive the people of their recently-acquired liberties. With the aid

of mercenary foreign troops he devastated the country, staining his track with unmitigated cruelty and barbarism, and thus severed for ever that allegiance which should have subsisted between himself and his subjects. The latter, witnessing their much-cherished privileges rapidly eluding their grasp, solicited the intervention of Louis, the French monarch's eldest son. That prince acceded to their request, landed at Sandwich in May, 1216, and soon obtained many successes; so that while his authority was generally acknowledged, John, bereft both of friends and adherents, wandered from place to place, suffering from bodily and mental torture, till death at last liberated him from further trouble, on the 18th of October, 1216, at the age of forty-nine, and after a memorable, but most unfortunate reign of seventeen years. His remains were conveyed from Newark (where he died), to Worcester Cathedral, and there the funeral ceremony was performed with as little pomp as his career deserved.

We cannot forbear introducing Shakspeare's description of the closing scene of King John's life. To relieve, if possible, the burning fever which was fast destroying his energies, he was carried into the open air, when the following colloquy commenced between himself and his son Prince Henry:—

John.—"Ah, marry, now my soul hath elbow room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.

There is so hot a summer in my bosom,

That all my bowels crumble up to dust:

I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen

Upon a parchment; and against this fire

Do I shrink up."

Henry.—"How fares your majesty?"

John.—"Poison'd—ill-fare; dead, forsook, cast off;

And none of you will bid the winter come,

To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;

Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course

Through my burn'd bosom; nor intreat the north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,

And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait (avaricious)

And so ungrateful, you deny me that."

Henry.—"Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,

That might relieve you."

John.—"The salt in them is hot—

Within me is a hell; and there the poison

Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannise

On unreprieveable, condemned blood."

No language more forcible—no words more truly depict the probable feelings which swayed the mind of the dying monarch, than do these lines of the immortal Shakspeare. Full of meaning and of thought, and expressed in effective, though somewhat rough terms, they represent, with singular accuracy, King John's desolate condition, the intensity of his corporeal sufferings,

* The great beauty in fiction is to make it approximate as nearly as possible to reality; it is this which has imparted such a charm to Shakspeare's writings in general. But with regard to the play of King John, the "immortal bard" has portrayed a very improbable circumstance. From the prominent part which Prince Henry is represented to take, the reader would imagine that so far from his being a child of about nine or ten years old at the period when the drama was performed, that the wisdom of ripier years had descended upon his head. Now, the latter was not the case; and it certainly is ridiculous that a mere child should be supposed to give utterance to such language as is contained in the play of *King John*. Though this failing would pass unnoticed by those whose pursuits lead them not into the details of history, yet the knowledge of the fact detracts from the interest associated with this particular production of Shakspeare's.

and those endless stings of conscience from which he could find no respite. On whatever side he looked, no consolatory voice appeared to soothe his pangs: the present was dim and beclouded; the future was an abyss, dark beyond all imagination.

Some epitome of the character of the sovereign on whose life we have thus dilated is necessary to the completion of our sketch. Whether we view King John in his regal capacity or in his private relations, scarcely one redeeming feature serves to illuminate the gloomy portrait. He seems to have observed a policy least calculated to promote the public good; least in accordance with that of many of his able predecessors, and least worthy of commendation. Actuated by nearly every evil propensity inherent in mankind, with nothing to extenuate his sins, or to form even an apology for his conduct, he stands on the historic page, blackened with the crime of murdering his own nephew; and no less conspicuous as an unfaithful, cruel husband, than as a weak and dissembling, an arrogant and abject, a vindictive and suspicious ruler.*

We must now pass on to sketch the life of his successor, Prince Henry, which, so far from forming an interesting feature in our series, contains very little that is either amusing or instructive. Repeated troubles occurred during the protracted period in which he held the English sceptre; troubles that might easily have been removed and extinguished, had the royal authority been wielded with proper firmness and wisdom. But it was not the lot of King Henry the Third to immortalise his name with deeds of valour, to procure for it the admiration of the biographer, or even to prevent it sinking into the oblivion which it unquestionably merits.

The late monarch closed his career surrounded by difficulties of no ordinary description. His dominions were harassed with foreign troops, under the conduct of Louis: the barons, disgusted with John's perfidy, were on the eve of a revolution, which, had it not been unexpectedly terminated by the king's death, would have placed a French dynasty upon the British throne; papal interference, combined with impolitic government, were producing division of allegiance, and the numerous other ills that attend the path of an incompetent sovereign; and amidst these scenes, the king's eldest son, Henry, was crowned, in the 10th year of his age, at Gloucester, on the 26th of October, 1216. Though some objection was entertained with regard to this measure, William, Earl of Pembroke (a devoted royalist, as well as a prudent and able statesman), removed many doubts as to the propriety of the young prince's accession, by the conciliatory tone of his speeches on the occasion of the coronation; in one of which he said—"We have persecuted the father for evil demeanour, and worthily; yet this young child, whom ye see before you, as he is in years tender, so he is innocent of his father's doings: wherefore let us appoint him our king and governor, and the yoke of foreign servitude let us cast from us." During the king's minority, the government was intrusted to this earl, whose policy was so wise, and at the same time so vigorous in arresting the progress of Prince Louis, that in September, 1217, a general peace was settled, in accordance with which the French pretender and his associates left the country, he himself renouncing all claim to the English throne. The absence of foreign troops, together with the politic conduct of Pembroke, operated favourably in allaying the discord produced by the recent civil wars; so that at the time of the

* Some light might possibly be thrown upon his disposition, by the subjoined extract; in reading which, however, it is requisite to remember, that ever since the signing of the great charter, King John had most ardently wished to abrogate the privileges contained in that document; and in order to effect this design with proper secrecy, he chose the Isle of Wight for his residence. "In this retirement he kept himself as it were concealed a good while, conversing only with fishermen and sailors, and diverting himself by walking on the sea shore with his domestics. When the king was known to be retired to the Isle of Wight, people were in vain inquisitive about the cause of his retreat. Some joked, and said he was become a fisherman or merchant; others, that he desired to turn pirate."—*Rapin's History*.

Protector's death, in 1219, Henry's kingdom re-assumed in some degree the garb of prosperity. It is a matter of regret, that our information with respect to this distinguished statesman should be so limited as to preclude us from forming an accurate estimate of his character. The success that crowned his exertions during the period in which he administered the government; the admirable manner in which he secured the wavering allegiance of the nobles; the spirit and energy with which he carried on the contests between the royal forces and those of Prince Louis; all seem to indicate that he was a man of no common endowments, and that had he longer filled the responsible office of regent, the reign of Henry III. might have challenged comparison with many of the most favoured epochs in our history. He was one of those barons who highly prized the Great Charter; and not only did he furnish the sheriffs in his own country with copies, to be recited at the courts of justice, but one of his first measures was to extend its benefits to Ireland, so that all might participate in the good results contemplated from its promulgation.*

William, Earl of Pembroke, was succeeded by Hubert de Burgh, a man of less comprehensive mind, though possessed of equal vigour, and who long remained prime minister, even after the king had been declared competent to take the helm of affairs. At one time, however, his conduct provoked Henry's displeasure to such a degree, that the ex-favourite was obliged to seek refuge in a monastery; after which he was taken prisoner, but allowed to regain his liberty, and to end his days free from further apprehension.

It is the inevitable tendency of a weak and limited intellect to seek aid and counsel from those who possess superior endowments. So it was with Henry III.: he made Hubert his friend, his adviser, and his favourite: he consulted him on all matters, listened with deference to his opinions, and adopted whatever measures he proposed. Had he evinced that patriotism and that wisdom which shone so conspicuously in the Earl of Pembroke, the effect of his connection with the administration would probably have much subserved the public weal; but from his disposition to promote his own interests rather than those

* An antiquarian friend has favoured us with the following elaborate description of the figure in the Temple Church presumed to be that of the great Earl of Pembroke:—"I find from Richardson's account of the effigies in this church, that the outer figure of the upper pair on the south side under the Round, most probably represents William Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke.) Before the restoration it was broken across in three places, half the nose lengthwise, the middle portion of the sword blade, the lower part of the scabbard. The right side of the sword guard and half the hilt were gone. There were small defects throughout. The figure is in rather low relief, and of Sussex marble. The earl is represented standing on a lion, or rather leopard: he is habited in a complete suit of chain mail, with hood and gloves all in one piece; a long loose surcoat, with a wide belt buckled in front, and a broad *guige* or strap to support the shield passing over the right shoulder: the head rests on an eight-sided cushion, and the face of the slab is worked with foliage in low relief. The sword is drawn, and held with the point downwards, dagger fashion, in the right hand, the point seeming to pierce the lion's head. The shield is on the left side, reaching from a little below the shoulder to a little above the knee: below it the end of the scabbard of the sword appears. The legs are not crossed, and the spurs (without rowels) are strapped on. Some traces of crimson were found on the outward surface of the surcoat, of light green on the inner, and of orange on the lion at the feet. The face, though indicative of age, is expressive and handsome. There is in the upper corner of the shield a small copper plug, to which was probably attached the inscription read by Camden, Comes Pembrochiae. The whole is now restored, except as to the colouring, in the same material as formerly, and has the appearance of a polished figure of dark marble. Two other of the effigies are believed to represent William Mareschal the younger, and Gilbert Mareschal, successively Earls of Pembroke. Beneath the Round some highly-ornamental leaden coffins were found, probably containing the remains of those commemorated by the figures above. The body of the great Earl of Pembroke was first taken to Reading Abbey, and thence to Westminster, with high service performed in both places, and solemnly entombed in the Temple Church, on Ascension Day, A. D. 1219."

of the people, his influence over the king, his power, and his ambitious propensities, operated most prejudicially. In 1225, a subsidy having been obtained for the purpose of prosecuting a war with France, Henry afterwards embarked from Portsmouth, but conducted the enterprise in such a lavish inefficient manner, and met with so little success, that he was obliged to return in October, 1230, without having accomplished one step towards regaining the provinces which formerly belonged to the English dominions. This result invested his name with infinite disgrace, while his subjects were annoyed to find that the large sums wrung from them with unsparing rigour, should have been devoted by their sovereign to the gratification of his own pleasure, instead of to the real object for which they were raised.

The frequency with which the king applied to parliament for financial assistance, combined with the appointment of many foreigners to situations at the court, led to an open rupture between Henry and his barons. A war ensued; the royal forces were generally defeated, but at length, through the adoption of a treacherous expedient, they contrived to procure the death of the principal actor, Richard, Earl of Pembroke; so that after his demise, in 1234, tranquillity was again restored. But though conscious that his policy was highly objectionable, Henry repeatedly solicited additional pecuniary grants; and on the strength of large promises in respect of reform, he usually succeeded in obtaining his request. On one occasion, however, when this subject was submitted to the barons, they returned the following unequivocal answer to his demand:—"They had often granted aids to the king, without ever receiving any reciprocal mark of his affection—that since his accession to the crown, his dominions were considerably lessened, though he had frequently exacted from his people very large sums, which were only lavished away upon favourites." And not only did he himself endeavour by every expedient to replenish his exchequer, but sanctioned similar proceedings on the part of the pope's legate, whose conduct became the theme of universal detestation. Another measure, too, adopted about this time (1242), served still further to render the public dissatisfied with their ruler. Henry once more engaged in a military enterprise against France, but met with as little success as at the former period; wasting his resources in idle amusements, and then returning to England to procure fresh supplies from his already hard-taxed subjects.

Many of the troubles that crowded the path of Henry must be attributed to the undue partiality which he evinced towards foreigners. It was their object, of course, to enrich themselves by pandering to the wishes of their royal master, heedless alike of the people's misery and their public reputation, so long as they accomplished their ends. These favourites were besides much interested in preserving that close intimacy and connection subsisting between the pope and the king, on account of the power which it conferred upon them to obtain peculiar advantages. Much to the discredit of Henry, he allowed such men to gain the ascendancy over him, and *that* not only in the face of grievous complaints from all quarters, but with the full knowledge that other persons well adapted to fill those offices which they held, would have discharged their functions with much ability. One of these individuals upon whom the king had bestowed numerous marks of approbation, was Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. He had been caressed and neglected by his royal master, was ambitious and proud, enterprising and influential, and being no less anxious to terminate a dispute arising from some of his actions, than to place the public liberty upon a sounder basis, he treated his sovereign in such a manner as to give him great offence. Henceforth Leicester entered the ranks of those whose design it was to compel Henry to adhere to the spirit of the Great Charter, and was present on that memorable occasion when the king, surrounded with the prelates and barons (who were assembled on the 3rd of May, 1253, in Westminster Hall), solemnly promised to preserve the liberties contained in that document. But this, like most of his other engagements, was soon violated, that in June, 1258, the parliament (then convened at Oxford)

with Henry's eventual consent, placed the principal authority in the hands of twenty-four barons, twelve of whom were selected by the king, and the remainder by the parliament.* It seems, however, that this wise measure was highly distasteful to the monarch; that disputes still disturbed the public mind; and that Henry was bent upon re-obtaining a despotic sway. Now it was that the genius of Simon de Montfort achieved the grand victory which has since given England the benefit of representative government. A civil war commenced. Leicester, with the large band of adherents who saw in the king's conduct no safeguard against future grievances, met the royalists on the 14th May, 1265, at Lewes. Henry and his son Edward were defeated, and the former having been taken prisoner, had no resource left but to vest the executive prerogative in the person of the successful earl. The popular cause did not long continue thus triumphant, for in the following August, Prince Edward (whose party was still numerous) encountered Leicester at Evesham, and there obtained a complete conquest over the insurgents. Simon de Montfort perished on the field of battle; his memory was held in reverential esteem by the people, not less on account of his being the chief of a powerful section of the nation, than from his exertions to introduce into the English parliament representatives of all classes. That object he accomplished, and posterity views him with mingled love and admiration.

It may reasonably be anticipated that such a monarch as Henry should treat the followers of Leicester with no little harshness. They had formerly exhibited their strength in a manner sufficiently obvious to convince him that provided they once gained the ascendancy the royal sceptre would pass out of his hands, so that in pursuance of his narrow policy, the rebel army (if such they may be termed) was completely subdued. A period of tranquillity blessed the closing years of Henry III. Intestine disorders had ceased, his son Edward, having achieved honour and renown in his native land, had shortly before arrived from Palestine, when death overtook the English sovereign, on the 16th of November, 1272, at the age of sixty-six, and after a reign of fifty-six years. His body was deposited "near the shrine of Edward the Confessor in the abbey church of Westminster." He left two sons and two daughters, one of the former of whom succeeded to his father's crown.

Such was the career of Henry III. His life, though long, presents no feature calculated to shed glory upon his administration. He was at an early period invested with the regal office, but the cares of state, so far from leading him to ponder over the mighty task committed to his charge, seemed to have induced

* The following is a copy of the statutes or provisions of Oxford, which were drawn up by the four-and-twenty commissioners, and ratified by the king :—

I.—That the king should confirm the great charter, which he had sworn so often to observe without any effect.

II.—That the office of chief justiciary should be given to a person of capacity and integrity, that would administer justice as well to the poor as to the rich, without distinction.

III.—That the treasurer, justices, and other officers and public ministers, should be chosen by the four-and-twenty.

IV.—That the custody of the king's castles should be left to the care of the four-and-twenty, who should intrust them with such as were well affected to the state.

V.—That it should be death to any person, of what degree or order soever, to oppose, directly or indirectly, what should be ordained by the four-and-twenty.

VI.—That the parliament should meet at least once every year to make such statutes as should be judged necessary for the welfare of the kingdom.—*Rapin.* The distinguishing characteristic of the parliament which was summoned in January, 1265, by Simon de Montfort, were as follow :—That each county should have the privilege of sending two knights, and each city and borough, two citizens and two burgesses. It is obvious that this was the first step towards a real popular representation; that it was owing to the labours of the Earl of Leicester; and that it laid the foundation of the present astonishing power of the middle classes.

him to regard them with a degree of levity and apathy totally opposed to his subjects' welfare. King John sought to lessen the papal domination in England; Henry adopted the contrary course, and treated the Roman pontiffs with unjustifiable generosity, submission, and forbearance. On this account, some measure of admiration is fairly due to the former, but to the latter nothing save censure. John, on ascending the throne, endeavoured to arrest the ambitious designs of the apostolic see; Henry was ever cringing and obsequious in his policy towards his spiritual rulers, neither restraining their infamous proceedings, nor acting in such a way as to maintain the honour and dignity of the important nation whose destinies he was called to sway. To none of his predecessors can we attribute the crime of extorting money from his subjects, on the plea of religion, and applying it to other purposes: of aiding the pope to obtain pecuniary supplies from the hard-taxed English, and at the same time well aware that those supplies would be devoted not to the legitimate objects of religion, but to the prosecution of the pope's military enterprises in foreign lands—and this, too, when he was under no obligation to extend his assistance to the papal see; thus plainly proving that the fear of incurring the displeasure and revenge of his holiness formed his sole motive. It appears truly ridiculous that the king of England, for the sake of maintaining peace, should allow his people to be plundered and stripped of their resources by the pontifical emissaries, without even recording a protest against such conduct. Had Henry made a vigorous stand against the papal encroachments, the thunders of the Vatican would have fallen powerless, the authority of the crown would have been vindicated, and the king would have merited his country's applause. Another point in which he erred was in the extreme partiality he evinced towards foreigners. Owing to his queen, Eleanor of Provence, many frequented the English court, but instead of retaining as few of these parasites as possible, every appointment was bestowed upon them, to the manifest neglect of his own subjects. Then, again, his administration was so imperfect, his pecuniary exactions were so numerous, that discontent inevitably arose in the public mind. Though rebellion followed in the train of these accumulated evils, no material alleviation of the people's complaints attended the suppression of revolt; it was reserved for other monarchs than Henry III. to promote the general prosperity. Contrasted with William, Earl of Pembroke, or even Simon de Montfort, he appears to peculiar disadvantage: the former was prudent and just, comprehensive and wise in his measures—the latter warlike and active, popular and liberal; while Henry was feeble in purpose, and contracted in intellect, the type of an inefficient sovereign, the author of much misery to nearly all sections of the community. There remains, however, one trait in his character deserving of admiration—the virtuous nature of his life. In an age when barbarism and licentiousness pervaded the land, it is pleasing to find that the most exalted personage in the kingdom should set an example of this kind; a quality to which his predecessor could lay no claim, but which sheds a ray of light over the dark picture of Henry's career.

THE PRIDE OF RANK.*

ABOUT the commencement of the year 1780 there came to the University of Oxford a young man of extremely retired habits and mode of life. It was evident that his worldly possessions were small, for his dress, though neat, was worn, and his expenses those only which were imperatively called for by his position. Few cared to notice William Freeman; for while they could not fail to envy his superior attainments and classical knowledge, they felt also that his condition, without property, patronage, or friends, was by no means an enviable one. He seemed to be born for study alone; to make himself a world of his own; to hold communion with none; and to wander in and out of the college with a still and quiet gliding, as though he shunned all society. There was a settled air of melancholy hanging over him which imparted some degree of interest to his movements for such as deigned to vouchsafe a glance at him; and they could not fail to observe that care and study had made no inconsiderable inroads upon his constitution, for his cheek was pale, and his eye gleamed with that rich lustre which is caused by the gleaming of the fire of intellect from within. Yet Freeman was by no means handsome; small, even effeminate, in his stature; his broad forehead and intelligent expression alone attracted attention, for his manners often wore the appearance of coldness, from the intense timidity and natural reserve of his character. Whence he came no one knew—perhaps no one cared. The brightest spirits flash with meteor suddenness across our path, and at their place of birth no familiar foot has trodden. Genius belongs to no class, but is struck out in the passage of stonier natures along its vicinity like sparks from flint and steel. Freeman was ambitious of knowledge, of power, of the mastery which wealth confers; and by his single-handed efforts he resolved to work his way upward—upward, step by step, until he stood upon that eminence, the brilliance and dazzling nature of whose lustre refuses to permit us to behold the dark back-ground, the fatiguing, spirit-wearying steps by which the proud stander thereon has ascended slowly and gradually.

The eldest son of Lord Dalton, the Hon. Leslie Dalton, had often, by his gentle persuasions, induced Freeman to join him in many of his excursions, his rambles, and amusements, which, to say the truth, were of the most harmless description, and of an inexpensive kind. To associate with the student was infallibly in the end to love him, and hence a warm friendship became established between the two young men. William lost much of his reserve, and opened his mind and disclosed many of his ambitious prospects for the future to Dalton, at the fervent nature of which he smiled, and said he hoped it might turn out as he wished; and, pressing his hand, declared that he would assist him to the utmost extent of his power. But cheer him as he would there was still a settled gloom upon Freeman's spirits, and a deep sigh often escaped him in the midst of his friend's most brilliant sallies.

One day as the two young men were strolling leisurely through the streets of Oxford, they turned down one which Freeman seemed rather to avoid, and passing on, were arrested by the sound of a voice asking for charity. Dalton turned, and, as he was speaking, put his ready hand into his pocket to relieve him. It was an old grey-headed man, with a determined air of poverty hanging about him, his eyes half-closed, as he stood at the corner of the street waiting for the relief of the passers-by.

* A Tale founded upon fact.

"That old fellow is always there," said Dalton, turning to his friend, after dropping a penny into the beggar's hand. "I generally have to stop—but, good heavens! Freeman, are you ill? Lean on my arm—there, more; never mind me!"

Freeman's countenance was as pale as ashes; not a trace of colour was observable in cheek or lip, and the whole frame trembled as if under the influence of some powerful emotion. He strove to move rapidly on, and in silence pressed his friend's hands in token of acknowledgment.

"I am better now, thank you, Dalton; much better. You know how I have worked to-day. I will go home. Do you proceed."

"Nay, I will conduct you home. You are not fit to go alone."

"Yes, indeed; I am quite capable of proceeding."

"No, no; don't talk nonsense, as if you thought I did not wish to be troubled."

"Do you know I should like," continued Freeman, hurriedly, "to go into the fields? I think it would refresh me. I will not study to-day."

Wondering a little at this sudden change in his friend's determination, Dalton led the way into the open country; but all his endeavours to raise his spirits proved unavailing. A gloom hung deeply upon him, and by no effort could he dispel it.

That evening Freeman staggered, ill and weak, to his lodgings; and on his arrival there, hastened up stairs, where he found, as usual, his tea awaiting him; and presiding there an old gray-haired man, simply and genteelly dressed.

"My boy," cried he, rising, "are you ill? What is the matter?"

"Oh, my father!" said Freeman, falling on his neck, and giving way to a passionate burst of grief, which seemed to choke his utterance for some time.

"Speak, William; what is it?" said the old man.

"Do not any longer beg for me, father; I shall break my heart. Day by day I feel I am growing more weak. I am haunted by the recollection that while I am at ease pursuing my studies, you are standing in the street asking for charity; and, oh heavens! have been relieved this day by my best friend."

"Are you ashamed of me, my son? I will go into another town."

"Father, do not say that; let me be but poor in your company. Let me be clad as you are clad, and I shall be proud to stand at the side of him who gave me birth, were it needed: but to think that I am——"

"Say no more; I am content."

"Nay," said Freeman, seriously, "I have yielded many times before, but this must not be again. You are old, father, and it is my place to work for you. I will remain quietly in my own station; I will do anything rather than once again see you stand in the open streets and beg."

"Is it not life to me, William—could I now be happy any other way?"

"Ah, so say you ever, my dear father."

"And how will you pursue your studies?"

"My studies shall cease, if they are to be purchased thus. This night I will calmly reflect upon the future, and form, if possible, some definite plan."

"Ay, ay, my boy," said the old man, wringing his hand, "so you shall; now let us attack the tea; come, I am tired."

There was a spirit of devotion in the father's attachment to his only child which ennobled the old man, beggar as he was. He had from his youth upward known no other way of life, and his earnings were very considerable. His wife was gone, was buried somewhere in the churchyard of a far distant village. No stone marked the spot, but a plain grave-mound indicated where, with many a stranger, she slumbered; and it was only to be distinguished from the rest by a rude knotted crutch which Freeman had with his hands thrust into the earth up to the handle that he might not forget exactly where *she* lay.

There was a heart in the old beggar-man, and it acknowledged the power of an affection that inspired to noble actions rather than to words, for he never spoke of the past, but now and then, with a wallet across his ragged shoulder, the villagers would behold him striding with his heavy rag-fringed boots through the long tall grass towards one quiet corner of the churchyard, where, sitting on some unknown grave opposite *hers*, he would fix his elbows on his knees and gaze on that long green billow on the earth's surface which seems to roll over the poor and unknown when they have sunk to rest in her bosom, never more to be seen or heard of, but by Him before whom the highest and the lowest stand revealed as God's created things. How he had formed the project of having his son educated at the University, it is difficult to say. It was a portion of the same upward tendency observable in all classes which teaches them to yearn for education and knowledge, and which lends a support to the national and charity schools, here developed more ambitiously than is often the case. Having amassed some wealth in this way he had for several years stored it up for this object; for himself he had no ambition, for he moved through life with a vacant space by his side which none other could fill. The beggar's wandering ways were full, therefore, of charms for him, and nothing could induce him to abandon them. Months, consequently, again rolled forward and found him still the same; his son failed to induce him to desert the plan, since he could offer him no substitute in the way of earning a livelihood.

Young Dalton invited his friend to pass the holidays at his father's splendid country-seat. It was a dangerous experiment. It was placing young Freeman at once in the very sphere to mingle amongst whose members, as one of them, the student yearned. The grandeur, the magnificence, the ease and elegance of the whole establishment struck upon his fancy. Lord Dalton was a man of polished education, and received him as the friend and chosen companion of his son; and his wife, once the beautiful and much-sought-for heiress of Lynchcombe, with grace and affability. The family was composed of many members, the younger portion were, of course, almost invisible; but Lady Grace, tall, majestic, and beautiful, struck upon the student's fancy in a moment. Bewildered by her loveliness and the fascination of her manners, William failed to perceive the proud and somewhat haughty expression which some deemed sat rightfully upon the daughter of a long ancestral line. The pride of caste was inherent in the family, and unconscious of the fatal purposes which it was destined to work upon the too sensitive and struggling spirit thus introduced into their circle, they heedlessly pursued the intercourse. Young Dalton knew well that his friend was far from rich, but as to his origin or relatives he had never inquired. He started when asked the question by his father, and frankly confessed that he did not know who he was, but that he liked the fellow, and was indebted to him in a moral point of view.

"That was an error, but one easily pardonable," answered his father. "I should wish, however, that your choice of associates should in future in some degree be regulated by their connections. It is now that you will feel harassed by them, because, in a certain sense, you are all rendered equal by the companionship of the University. In the future, however, they will become troublesome."

The treatment, however, of William Freeman in the house of Lord Dalton was outwardly the same as that they would have shown to the most distinguished visitor. Therefore he, little accustomed to attention of any kind, was happy and contented, save when his thoughts reverted to his father, standing at the corner of the street in the city of Oxford. Then again the same gloom would fall upon his spirit, which nothing but the singing of Lady Grace could chase away. Her winning manners, the rich sweetness of her voice, the majestic beauty of her form, contrived to make a deep impression upon his heart, and he was, ere he had been a fortnight in the house, deeply in love with her. He determined in his own heart to labour steadily on, and if possible win the affection of the beauty and carry the prize off triumphantly

from the lordly throng of admirers by which she was now surrounded. It was a daring hope for the young and poor student to cherish; but let men dare nothing and they will accomplish nothing. Let them aim high, too high even if they will, and rise to a certain point they must.

Freeman aspired, and resolved to win. He therefore quitted Woodlands with happy feelings of hope and exultation,—a little dashed, perhaps, by the somewhat indifferent manner with which Lady Grace bade him farewell, and then turned to continue a conversation with Lord Canoper, a young aspirant and expectant to a dukedom.

"Well, and how have you really enjoyed yourself, Freeman?" inquired Dalton, as the carriage which conveyed them from his home swept out of the park.

"More than I ever did before, or perhaps shall ever do again," answered his friend, with a smile.

"Don't say that. I never, however, saw you look better. The air is splendid here, and the amusements for a place like this really capital."

"They are, indeed," answered Freeman. "I admire much the kind of society. Really, I never was so much struck by any one as with your father."

"Yes; he's a fine old fellow, isn't he?"

"So utterly devoid of pride," continued Freeman, innocently.

"Y-e-s," answered Dalton, wincing a little, and smiling at his friend's simplicity. "You must join us again at Christmas, and then we shall be gay."

"Thank you," said Freeman, pressing his friend's hand, for his heart bounded within him, high with hope and exultation.

And there was no presumption, as the world would call it, in this. What reason should there be why the man—forced upwards by his own efforts, forced down only by the pressure of society—should not stand on an equal footing with beings forced up, by adventitious circumstances, cheered on by the smiles of society, basking beneath the golden influence? The spirit which taught Freeman to look up was as noble as that which taught Lord Dalton to look down upon his fellow men, and to imagine that by regarding them from a slight eminence, they were rendered inferior. There was something now in the heart of the student which lent vigour to every action of his life, and made the minutest thing interesting to him. Every one wondered at the joyousness of his manners, the buoyancy of his step, and the activity of his frame. The impulse of his life was beginning to develope itself. Fatal error! he was at the zenith of this world's glory when sought by his companions for his now pleasant and cheerful society; he felt proud and happy. Literature now engaged his attention; it was a new field and a pleasant one. He thought he had discovered the key-stone of the great arch of eminence. He imagined that he had found a key which would open again and again the mystic way to power, and with this new idea he laboured on in the pursuit of a vain object—vain, because literature while its producers are made, by the institutions of society in which we live, drudges instead of polished ornaments of its high places, will never be but a tempting beacon, alluring men on through wearying ways to a goal where disappointment must in some way or another surely meet them. As the power of producing what constitutes literature is one of the noblest gifts of the Almighty, so is it the most spirit-wearing, because when once a man has entered steadily on his track, its strange fascination leads him hopefully on, to the exclusion of all other employment, until he finds himself in old age at most on a medium height, as viewed through the telescope of society.

The Christmas came round, and with it the festivities at Woodlands, which invited Dalton home, who again was accompanied by his friend. He was kindly received, but he looked in vain for a smile of recognition from Lady Grace. This time, however, he was thrown much more into her society, and was frequently her companion in her morning rides on horseback. Freeman was an admirable equestrian, and would accompany her untiringly for hours through the woods, Dalton following behind along with other friends. One day a ride was proposed to visit some old ruins many miles distant. The morning was

clear and bright. A bracing frost rendered the air sharp, but made the roads in admirable condition for riding. As usual, Lady Grace and Freeman were in advance of the party, and conversed freely on many subjects. The young student had boldly and resolutely resolved to take the opportunity afforded by the long day of opening his heart to his companion, and to abide the result patiently. He never expected her to accept him at once; he only wished to learn in what light he was regarded by her, to know if she would consent, in future years, to be another shadow of himself, to be a sympathising soul from whom he might expect comfort when the world frowned, to be the light to the world's darkness, to be the one cheerful, never-failing companion of his hearth, whether upon it were to be scattered weal or woe. He only wished to be permitted to hope. Dalton knew it not, but his sister, Lady Grace, was a peculiar kind of flirt, who considered it one of the privileges of her caste to act as she pleased with all men. Had her brother been aware of this, he would scarcely have trusted her so unreservedly in the society of even Freeman. But imagining that her haughty character and generally honourable principles would preserve her from the wickedness of trifling with his friend's feelings, he never gave himself a thought upon the subject. She was flattered by the admiration of the young student, both of herself and her conversation, and used him besides, as a tool, to make the young duke, who was supposed to be paying her his addresses, jealous. Of all this Freeman was wholly ignorant. He saw only her fascinations, her beauty, her apparent sweetness of disposition.

The ruins were examined, and the whole party expressed the most lively satisfaction at their excursion, but as fashionable mornings are at best short, return was soon determined on. A heavy fall of snow threatened, for black clouds soon made themselves visible in several quarters of the heavens, and soon the sleet began to shower down in a fine mist. Shelter was sought in the ruins, but the ladies became somewhat alarmed, when, after waiting a considerable period, no sign of abatement was discernible. Return, at all events, was resolved on, when at length two of the gentlemen, mounting their horses, volunteered setting out for the carriage. The four who remained behind amused themselves with examining further into the ruins, and Freeman was left, by this means, alone in the society of Lady Grace. What passed in that brief interview Freeman never revealed. Some decisive question had been put, some decisive answer returned, for when Dalton came back with the carriage he received his sister from Freeman, who, with a cold bow, instantly quitted them, and was seen no more during the drive home. Lady Grace was silent, and by the pale light caused by the dim twilight of a winter's evening, and the mingled reflection of the snow-covered land, her brother gazing at her face, beheld it, as she leaned back in the carriage, disfigured by an expression of haughty indignation.

"What has happened, dear Grace?" said her brother, in a whisper, leaning over to her.

"Another time I will explain, not now," she answered, slightly waving her hand.

And in silence the merry party of the morning moved on. The snow still fell heavily, and the whole country was soon cased in white. When arrived at home they all separated into their various apartments, so that Freeman's absence was observed by none. But as Dalton's valet made his appearance in his room, he accidentally dropped a hint that Mr. Freeman was in haste preparing for a journey. The man saw that something was wrong, and knowing of the friendship which existed between the young men, thought that there was something strange in the perturbed manner of young Freeman, and the haste he manifested in wishing to set out at once.

"A journey! Surely you must be mistaken?"

"No, indeed; no, I am not."

"Then I must see to this immediately. I will return to you."

Rushing out of the room, Dalton sought that of his friend, but he was gone; hastening down stairs, he found the hall-door open, and Freeman just mounting his horse.

"Freeman! what is the meaning of this? Stay," he said, catching at the horse's rein.

"Pray, Dalton, do not detain me. I cannot remain; I will write to you to-morrow."

"Nay, but tell me now."

"Has not the Lady Grace Dalton told you of my '*presumption*'—yes, that was her word—has she not told you how I asked her hand?"

Dalton, at this part of his friend's speech, started. The family pride steeled his heart for one moment, but combating strongly with it, that Freeman should not observe it, he took his hand and said, kindly—"Wherefore did she refuse you?"

"Wherefore?—not because she did not love me—of that she never spoke—but because I am the *son of a beggar*!"

"But surely, Freeman, this is no reason why our friendship should terminate. Are you acting rightly to me? From whom, tell me, have you ever received a token that you were not on a par with myself in rank?"

"No, God bless you, Dalton, no," fervently replied Freeman; "with you I felt no difference of station."

"And there is no difference, Freeman. Now come, do dismount."

"It cannot be, Dalton; you are my friend, I know; and would you have me meet the eye of her by whom I have been thus rejected? Suffer me to go. I will write. Pray explain my conduct to your father; but he will know it too soon. Good-bye, Dalton; I shall never forget you."

"Well, good-bye, Freeman," exclaimed the young aristocrat, wringing his hand as fervently as though his whole heart went with the effort; "we shall meet again soon, I trust."

"We shall meet?—oh! I daresay—yes—" and the figure of the young student was soon lost in the intervening trunks of the noble trees which stood on either side of the avenue.

Old Freeman was astonished at the speedy return of his son; but more especially at the strange wildness of his manner. He spoke scarcely at all of the Woodlands, or, if he did, it was with a bitter laugh, which fell with warning notes on the old man's ear. For days Freeman continued in this state; and at length his overwrought feelings working upon his frame threw him into a dangerous fever, from which he slowly but gradually recovered, with, it was evident, only the partial recovery of his intellect. He was not wholly mad, because at intervals he would sit down and study and converse rationally with the old man, whom he at length persuaded to quit Oxford.

"What will become of you when I am gone, William dear?" said the old man.

"It is not the aged always die first, father; no, *you* will live many years yet."

The beggar shook his head; and his son made no further remark, but set ardently about his book which he had so long contemplated. His illness, however, it was evident, had completely shattered his constitution, and at length he became so weak that his father's whole care was needed. And it was beautiful to observe how tenderly the old man, just leaning himself into the grave, sought to avert from its brink the waning form which seemed to struggle to be first at the goal. No mother could more gently have nursed her infant than Freeman did his ambitious but too sensitive child. There was one recollection still uppermost in his mind, one form floating afar off in his dream; but he seemed to hate the remembrance of the past in his waking hours. The care and attendance and change of scene required by his illness drew largely upon the old man's finances, and, as if recollecting that he must be poor now that he no longer pursued his customary avocation, Freeman would suddenly, as if inspired, start from his reverie, and set busily about his slowly-progressing manuscript, and after writing a few passages, incoherent enough sometimes, would fall off into a kind of slumber.

The summer came, and at the glad season of June the student died, his

father expending the last remnant of his all in having him conveyed to the churchyard where his mother slept. Broken-hearted, and misery-stricken, without a penny in the world, the old beggar sat again upon the mound whence once before he had departed to seek his fortune almost as solitary; but now he must go forth again, but quite alone. As with tears slowly, faintly trickling over his cheeks, the old man placed another rude mark in the ground, he raised his eyes in silent supplication to God, that if it were his will he would take him too. "I may go far away," thought the beggar, "may be too weak to return," therefore he gathered a few blades of grass from the grave, and wrapping them in paper, placed them near his heart, and ever after in his wanderings they accompanied him along with the half-finished manuscript, over which in the summer evenings he would sit and ponder, and seek to decipher the almost illegible hand.

With the Dalton family we have no business to meddle; their career was much the same as that of other fashionable people, and they, in the busy whirl of society, of course soon forgot all concerning William Freeman, the beggar's son.

THE RUINS OF GERAZA.

By NICHOLAS MICHELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE EVENTFUL EPOCH," &c.

[The remarkable ruins of the Roman city of Geraza, the Gergashi of the Hebrews, and now called Jerash, are situated among the mountains of Gilead, about a day's journey east of the Jordan. They were discovered by Dr. Seetzen, thirty years ago, and have since been visited by Burckhardt, Buckingham, and a few other travellers.]

WHERE Gilead spreads—a land of wood and stream,
Between the hills what stately ruins gleam?
Not Bashan's might, nor Israel's skill, could rear
Such classic, gorgeous piles as moulder here.
Rome! must we still thy giant footprints meet,
Stamped on the soil of every land we greet?
Sure earth ne'er bore, save one, a race like thine;
Shivering 'mid snows, or panting 'neath the line,
Still are we doomed to find some trace of thee,
Floating above the wrecks on Time's vast sea.
Such as thou wert, great Rome! in might and sway,
Britain, thy Cæsar conquered, is to-day!

And this was proud Geraza, where the Jew,
Once lord of Gilead, only slavery knew;
Where Roman victors passed a life of ease,
'Mid all that mind could charm, or sense could please.
Behold yon Arch of Triumph!—ivy crawls,
Time's greedy banquetter, along its walls;
Yet here the monarch rode, or man of war,
While shouts rang round, and laurels decked his car.*
We pass within—Geraza rises near,
Not harsh or stern her silent wrecks appear,

* Geraza is approached by an isolated Gate of Triumph; it is of the Corinthian order, and composed of three arches, the centre one being thirty feet high. Grass and shrubs cover the summit.—Vide "Buckingham's Travels."

But grandly beautiful, and softly mild,
 Another Tadmor mourning on the wild.
 The broken statue, column worn and rent,
 The tottering wall, the shattered monument,
 Are mixed with goodlier objects—classic shrines,
 Round which the row of rich-carved pillars shines,
 And lengthened colonnades, like vistas, seen,
 Narrowing to points in some old forest green.
 Here spreads the huge Naumachia, where of old
 Ships struck, in mimic fight, their beaks of gold ;
 That marble lake is dry, and flow'rets fair,
 And many a wilding shrub are blooming there :
 The circus still displays its ample bound,
 Where glittering chariots ran their dizzy round.
 The theatres, all open to the sky,
 In size and grace with those of Hellas vie ;
 The broad deep orchestra, the circling seat,
 The vaulted gallery, now the bat's retreat,
 Crushed arch, stage clothed with brambles—such the scene,
 The once fair haunt of Pleasure's bright-eyed queen !

Down where the winding streamlet frets and brawls,
 The gorgeous baths uprear their massy walls :
 Rich mouldings, dome-shaped roofs, attract the sight,
 But fall'n the statues, gone the paintings bright ;
 Unlike Pompeii, here no lava spread,
 Preserving art beneath its mantling bed :
 Yet time hath spared enough to show the grace,
 The soft delights, and luxuries of the place ;
 † Pillars, in squares and circles, mark the rooms,
 Where waters gushed, and floated rich perfumes ;
 Here did the Roman youth in crystal swim,
 And there coy Beauty lave her snowy limb.
 Sweet is the scene e'en now, for springing near,
 Pure as the heaven-wed Vestal's secret tear,
 Purls by the limpid stream, and holds a glass
 For wild gazelles to gaze in as they pass.
 Flowers, too—perchance the children e'en of those
 Planted by Roman maids—the banks disclose ;
 The rich-globed tulip trembles on the brink,
 The sweet Narcissus, love-sick, stoops to drink :
 The brown bee hums, the insect spreads its wings,
 And, perched on ruins, many a small bird sings.
 Sure Lares haunt this spot, so lone and still, ‡
 And Naiads dance at eve beside the rill ;
 Or, while the living fly this beauteous scene,
 The shades of Roman dead might walk serene,
 Hero and sage 'mid ruins pacing slow,
 And maids with eyes of light, and brows of snow,
 While Quiet folds her wing, and moonlight shines
 O'er lone Geraza's mouldering towers and shrines.

* The Naumachia, an artificial lake for the display of mock naval combats, is formed of large stones coated with fine masonry ; it is 700 feet long, by 300 feet wide ; the channels which supplied it with water are still seen.

† There are remains of two large baths at Geraza, one on each side of the stream, which, rising near the ruins of a Corinthian temple, flows south, through a profusion of wild shrubs and flowers.

‡ The *lares rustici* of the Romans, distinguished from the *lares familiares*, or household deities, may be said, in certain respects, to resemble our fairies.

LEAVES FROM THE BLACK BOOK OF IRELAND.

By H. R. ADDISON.

No. II.—A MIDNIGHT RIDE OVER THE MOUNTAINS IN KILKENNY.*

THE jaunting-car drew up to the door, and with a light heart I jumped in, delighted with the idea of personally witnessing the means by which Major Bell arrived at the detection of crime. The major, on the other side, laid hold of the reins with an air of careless indifference, and drove along William-street as if about to enjoy a pleasure trip, rather than departing for a most serious and grave investigation; while the cheerful smile which lit up his countenance as he nodded gaily to the pretty "Limerick lasses," effectually concealed the serious reflections which must at that moment have filled his mind.

He had strictly interdicted all baggage—he had equally begged of me to bring no arms—I was to wear a happy face, and leave word at my lodgings that I should return in a few hours. The major had invited a large party to dinner, none of whom were to be made acquainted with their host's absence till that meal was actually announced; thus there was no fear of our being way-laid or followed.

We travelled at a rapid pace over the twenty miles of dreary road which lies between Limerick and Tipperary. Accustomed to the scene, we made no remarks on the dreadful misery which was portrayed in the low mud hovels, at whose doors groups of half-naked children stood admiring our rapid progress, but chatted on, respecting balls, parties, reviews, and other amusements. All allusion to the object of our journey, all inquiries relative to our destination, being strictly forbidden by the major.

Arrived at Tipperary, I expected we should stop, at least for a short time, but such was not the plan of my friend, the magistrate. We drove straight through the town, and proceeded on the road to Cahir. I confess a few moments more, and I should have broken through his orders, by questioning my companion as to his proceedings, when suddenly three mounted policemen came out from a cross-road, two instantly dismounted, and jumped upon the car, while myself and the major leaped into their vacant saddles, and in silence broke into a sharp trot, followed by the third man, who acted as our orderly or groom; the whole change did not occupy three minutes, and not a word was said—not a question asked—nor a single direction given. I confess, it seemed more like a dream than anything else, and I could scarcely believe in the reality of it, when I found myself in so short a period riding at a brisk pace beside Bell, with our attendant following us, and the carriage we had lately occupied already out of sight; for the acute magistrate had sent it off in some different direction, lest its return might announce to the inhabitants of Tipperary, that the dreaded major was "off after some of the boys."

We passed the picturesque woods of Banshee, perhaps the most romantic in the world—we cast a look at the spot where Mr. Baker was murdered at his wicket gate—we walked slowly through the much-admired town of Cahir, through which Lord Glengall's park runs, adding some noble and interesting features to the scene—we drew up once or twice to gaze at some striking view, for my

* Though an "old leaf," yet it may be more than ordinarily acceptable just now, as the scene is laid in the exact spot, which may fairly be termed the theatre of the late Irish Rebellion.

companion's object was evidently to seem in no hurry, till leaving the town we once more spurred on at a good round travelling rate. We were in the middle of an extended plain, where no person, no cottage could be seen, as far as the eye could wander nothing with life appeared; when suddenly Bell checked his pace, and turning abruptly to me asked with an arch smile, "Tell me, my friend, do you know where we are going?"

"Not I."

"It is strange, then, that you should wish to accompany me."

"By no means—you stated in your note you were about to proceed on an investigation of importance, and that was quite sufficient to make me wish to be your companion."

"You are right. It is a business of *much* importance I am now engaged on, but as you have implicitly followed my directions, I think it but fair to tell you all about it—of course you know our destination?"

"Yes, to Waterford; and if I'm not much mistaken," added I, with a knowing wink, "you are going to look after the murderers of O'Ryan."

The major burst out laughing.

"Ay," added I, "you may laugh, but I know I'm right," and I gave a look of triumph; for to tell the truth, I had bribed the bearer of Bell's note, a confidential servant of his, with a sovereign, for the information.

"And who told you?" said Bell.

"I'll not give up his name."

"Let me see," cheerfully said the functionary—"let me see, O'Ryan's murderer—Waterford—ah! I have it—why, it's that rascal Conner told you?"

I was forced to confess he was right, but begged hard in favour of the traitor; and at the same time expressed my wonder how he had pitched upon the exact man.

"Oh, as to punishing him, I shall not do that. If I got any one else he would be just as bad, and perhaps betray me for half the money; a sovereign was a tempting bribe to a poor man."

"But how did you find out it was Conner?"

"Oh, easy enough; you see I told my secretary I was going to Mallow, about the Shea's case—to Maloney, I said I was going to Cork, to meet the General—and to Conner, I said I was going to Waterford; so I knew by the tale, who it was that repeated the falsehood I told him; and so you see after all, I was not wrong to put them on a false scent. If I were quite silent, they'd try and find out my plans, so I misled them purposely, because you see if they hold their tongues it's of no consequence—if they betray me, they only deceive others as well as themselves, and the deceived party will never try and bribe them to become traitors to their masters again;" and the major laughed heartily.

I confess I felt rather foolish, and did not much relish the last cut he gave at me—I looked grave.

"Come, don't be annoyed, it was natural in you; it was just as much so in you to seek to know our destination, as it was in me to conceal it; but now that no one can hear us, or even see us, except Teddy, my orderly serjeant, and I'd trust my life in his hands, I'll tell you the truth. Last week, several tythe proctors were about this part of the country doing their dirty work,—and dirty and dangerous it is; and that man must be a monster who'd do it, except it be to save his wife and children from starving; but this is not my business. As I said before, the tythe proctors were out on duty, but they met with so much resistance, and were so frequently in jeopardy, that they called for the protection of the police. Small parties of that force were sent with them, but even these failed to overawe the poor cottagers, who assembled in groups, and drove them away whenever they came to seize the cattle or the crops. Well, sir, at length it was determined to put down this spirit of opposition, and one fine morning a tythe proctor, accompanied by thirty-six policemen and an officer of the force (they call them *now* sub-inspectors), started off from Pilltown, in the county of Waterford, determined to show the peasantry that the law must be respected. They made one or two seizures—the people murmured, but they

were forced to submit; and the armed party, confident in their strength, marched boldly up into the mountains which divide the county of Waterford from that of Kilkenny. They came at last to a group of farms, called Carrickshock, and proceeded down a narrow lane towards a cabin, where the cattle of a debtor were to be seized. Few people were apparently within sight, and the proctor marched immediately behind the officer at the head of the party down this road, which is skirted on either side by a high bank, or as we call them in Ireland, a ditch. Now, though everything seemed quiet and peaceable, yet the sub-inspector thought very wisely that prevention was better than the cure, so he had taken the precaution to have the carbines loaded and the bayonets fixed before he had started on the expedition. Who, then, could dream of danger? In a few minutes, however, a group of men suddenly appeared on the left-hand bank, and in the next moment the proctor fell, levelled to the earth by a large stone hurled at him by one of the peasants; and before the officer could draw his sword, two ruffians had jumped down and seized his horse's bridle. He loudly called on his party, careless of what might be the consequence to himself, to fire; the word was scarcely uttered when he was dragged from his horse and butchered, while another party rushed on the unhappy proctor, and almost tore him limb from limb; the police discharged a hasty volley, but alas, it was over their own grave, for before the smoke of their carbines cleared away, they were attacked by overwhelming numbers, each man had to struggle with at least three or four opponents, and the high ditches were covered by an incalculable number of persons, of whom at least one-half were females. The encounter was of short duration—as the policemen fell these wretched women rushed down and beat out the brains of those who showed the slightest symptoms of life, mutilating in their savage fury, the bodies of those with whom they had chatted and laughed not many hours before. Armed with a knotted branch, called a "hurling stick," they smashed in the features of many a former sweetheart; so true it is that when a female oversteps the proper attributes of her sex she at once becomes a demon. The proctor, as I said before, was almost torn limb from limb—three persons only escaped, one of whom is since dead. In ten minutes the narrow road into which the party had imprudently ventured and fallen victims to an ambuscade, was a complete pool of blood, wherein lay the bodies of thirty-four brave and healthy young men, while a host of savage creatures jumped around them, striking at their inanimate forms, yelling with delight, and flourishing about the arms which they had rifled from them. Such was the affair of Carrickshock."

Bell must have seen my astonishment and horror at his recital, for he smiled as he glanced at my terrified countenance, and continued—

"Yes, my good friend; such is the ungarbled history of this sad affair, an affair in which so many persons are implicated that I fear no jury will be found to convict; besides, the local magistrates are loth to interfere, well knowing that their lives will pay the forfeit if they are active in bringing the criminal parties to justice. Nay, so terror-stricken are all the witnesses, that although Kennedy, now in custody, is well known to have acted a prominent part in this bloody drama, yet I'll stake my life no jury will dare to pronounce him guilty. He is to be tried to-morrow."

"Well, then, my dear major, what is the object of your mission?"

"I'll tell you. I'm ordered to look into the affair; to collect all the information I can, and find out whether this was the mere ebullition of an infuriated mob, an unpremeditated deed; or whether it was an organised conspiracy, formed by persons in a superior rank of life—"

"What!" interrupted I, "can persons of a superior grade—"

"Hush, we are close to Carrick. Is this the road to Waterford, my lad?" demanded the major, assuming an English accent, as he addressed a passing peasant boy.

"Anan," replied the youth—for, let travellers say what they will, an Irish boor never gives an immediate reply—"an, sir, 'faith I don't know, your honour." So answered, we trotted through the straggling village of Carrick-

on-Suir, a deserted-looking hamlet, thinly inhabited, and apparently wretchedly poor. On we proceeded, crossed the Suir, passed the Seven Bridges, and arrived as the sun was setting at Pilltown, the cleanest, neatest, and most pleasing-looking village in the south of Ireland, the only one where pretty white-washed cottages, surrounded by well-stocked gardens, may be seen; the only spot in Ireland where cleanliness seems to be relished. Lord Besborough may well be proud of this really picturesque *appanage*; Lord Waterford may well take pride in it. Pilltown is the gem of this part of old Erin, and the inn to which we rode, kept by a Mr. Anthony, is well worthy of the neat village in which it stands. Here we alighted and walked in; a table was already spread and every preparation made for our reception. I looked at Bell, he seemed to have expected this, and desiring our meal to be instantly served, walked up to his room to wash his hands and change his coat before he sat down to dinner.

When he came down, I confess I was thoroughly surprised, so great a metamorphosis I had never seen. It is true he had donned no disguise, he had done nothing I can fairly designate as a concealment; yet, his hair, his manner, his dress, his very accent, all were altered, and when I sat down with my merry-looking, yet simple-countenanced entertainer, I could scarcely believe I was still in company with the dreaded Bell; yet so it was, for the bluff, cheerful, old gentlemen, with the English accent, who now conversed with me, was no other than my redoubted friend.

After our meal a stranger dropped in, and was soon in close conference with the magistrate. My surprise is not to be told when I suddenly recognised in him our worthy follower, the police sergeant, now turned into an Irish buck of the first water. His communications must have been important, for Bell called for his lights and instantly retired. An hour afterwards I heard a horseman quietly pass the door—it was a dispatch the major had addressed to Dublin.

I now fairly retired to rest, but in the middle of the night I was more than once awakened by voices whispering in the yard. I confess I did not like this, and so I told my friend at breakfast next morning, but he only pooh-poohed! at my fears, and looked so really annoyed at the supposition that I dropped the subject, and agreed with him that I must have been mistaken.

During the day he amused me by showing me the beauties of the village, and entered several of the cottages, to give me an opportunity of seeing their neatness. In one he got his whip new thonged, in another he bought honey, while from a third he purchased a mere trifle and asked for a glass of milk, in order to have an excuse for a longer chat.

I however observed that in each cabin he gleaned some information from the talkative mistress; for by accident or design he entered none where there was a male.

The heartrending tales of these poor women were truly harrowing.

I attempted to join in the conversation more than once, but Bell as frequently stopped me short. I, of course, bowed to his decrees, though they seemed rather arbitrary.

As we re-entered the inn, the major called for the landlord, and began expressing a most earnest desire to have some peculiar trout, which are only to be found in the Suir. Our host faithfully promised to procure some for our dinner, which Bell ordered to be ready punctually at seven; he also desired some of the same fish to be ready for our breakfast, previous to our departure on the following morning, at seven a.m. To all this Mr. Anthony solemnly agreed; and as it was now only five o'clock, Bell proposed we should take a ride while our meal was cooking.

In a very short time we were mounted, and followed by the sergeant, we sallied forth to see the rural beauties which hereabound. We did not go beyond a foot's pace; each avenue we stopped to admire, each point of view we turned to gaze upon, and thus sauntering along, an hour must have elapsed, when I began to think of our choice trout, more especially as we had approached a mountain road. Not a soul was within sight of us, and we were at least three miles from our delicious repast, and I was about pointing out the fact to Bell, when

leaning over close to me, he suddenly but audibly whispered, "Ride for your life!" and quickly turning into the precipitous path, started off at racing speed, the policeman followed, seemingly as a matter of course, and, perforce, I endeavoured to keep up with him. In this manner we galloped on, tearing up the stones, and striking fire as our horses' hoofs scrambled over the flinty rock—not a look was exchanged—not a syllable could I elicit. In fast-coming darkness over a lonely mountain the trio galloped on, nor drew bridle till we were at least eight miles from the beautiful valley we had left.

Bell now paused, or rather slackened his pace, for his horse was fairly blown, and for the first time condescended to give me an explanation.

"Whew!—we've had a sharp gallop—we are all right now, however, and may walk our horses quietly up yonder hill," and he pointed to a fresh mountain, which we still had to ascend; indeed, in this part of the world, mountain seemed to be piled upon mountain in the most extraordinary manner, few had been our descents, and not a yard of level road had we travelled over. It was now nearly dark, and the rising ground we now approached was crowned by a tolerably large village, through which many a bright light streamed. The sight was by no means an unwelcome one—it was cheering to see them flit about as we slowly advanced towards them.

"And now, major," demanded I, "what, in the name of all that's beautiful, made you start off in such a hurry, without notice; without dinner? I've left a host of my traps behind me."

"You had better go back and fetch them."

"And why not?—why do you laugh?"

"Do you remember the voices you heard last night?"

"Ah! you won't believe me, but I'm positive I did hear whispering."

"You did!" abruptly replied the major.

"I thought you said I was mistaken?"

"Never mind that, my friend, the voices proceeded from men who were even then plotting to murder you this night."

"What?"

"Ay, you may well be surprised—I heard every word—and an hour ago the Lord Lieutenant was apprised of every syllable. Had I said as much to you this morning, your manner would have betrayed us. We were to have been shot through the window as we sat at dinner—they'll all be taken to-night."

I was mute with astonishment.

"Perhaps you'd like to return?"

"By no means—but say, sir, what is the name of yonder village?"

"Newmarket, ye're honour," squeaked a voice close to my stirrup-iron—I looked down—an Irish boy, of some ten or twelve years of age, had approached us unperceived. "Newmarket, ye're honour's glory."

"Is there a good house to sleep in there?" demanded the major.

"Faix, there is—I'll run on to the widow Mc Grath's."

"Don't trouble yourself, we'll go beside you," and the major instantly engaged the lad in conversation.

The road now took a turn, and as Bell averted his eyes for one moment to address me, the boy disappeared; he had leaped the hedge, and was running full speed across the fields towards the hamlet, he whistled very loudly, the whistle was repeated—"Ride as you wish for a whole skin!" roared Bell, and again we galloped on like madmen. As we reached the village, we distinctly heard every shutter and door slammed to—every light had been extinguished—not a sound was to be heard, save an occasional whistle, and in pitch darkness we dashed through the straggling cabins, from which not a sound issued, not a light gleamed. "Faster still!" urged Bell, as a window was suddenly thrown open. "Faster still!" and ere the sound was well pronounced, a whizzing noise passed close to my ear, and the crack of a carbine and its flash as instantly followed. "Don't look behind—on, my boy—on!" and away we went, and luckily we did so; one minute more and we were lost, for now every hovel

poured forth its infuriated inhabitants, who cursed their bad luck in loud tones, when they thus found we had escaped their well-planned ambushade; a moment's hesitation, and we should have fallen victims to our indecision.

"Bravo—bravo, my lad!" cried the magistrate, laughing; "we may go on a little slower now—they will not follow us—I know them."

It was all very well for my bold friend to jeer; I confess I had not a laugh in me, I'd have given my best horse to be once more safe back in Limerick.

We rode on at a more moderate rate for about half an hour, and had arrived at the very highest peak, when Bell suddenly turned into a narrow lane, which ran out of the high road. He proceeded about a hundred yards, when, suddenly stopping and dismounting, he called on me to do the same. I gladly obeyed him, though his movements sorely puzzled me.

At this moment the moon emerged from behind a thick cloud and lit up the scene. We were in a deep narrow road, bounded on either side by a high bank, the tops, however, were much broken, and I could perceive at a short distance a farm house, apparently deserted. The major was busily employed seeking about the ground, as if he had lost some object. Once or twice he seemed occasionally to find some article, which he put into his pocket with a murmur of satisfaction; he also handed two sticks that he had found to our attendant. At length he lit upon some minute thing which evidently pleased him. It was a small object. I could not make out what it was—he went to a brook close at hand and washed it—then joyfully desired me to mount, while he did the same. In a moment we were in our saddles. "That's important—yes, look there," said he, and he handed me the article which had excited my curiosity. Imagine my horror, when I found it to be a human finger! With terror I gave it back, and tremblingly demanded what it meant, and where we were.

"Carrickshock, and this is from the hand of one of the murderers. I know where he is, this will fix him, come along;" and away we rode, Bell in great glee at his discovery, whilst I shuddered with horror through every limb, and almost cursed the hour I had committed myself to the guidance of this dare-devil spirit, who thus led me to the scene of murder—to a spot, where, if we were recognised, we should be instantly assassinated, to a lane still flowing with human blood, out of all hearing, beyond the reach of aid,—and all this at the dread midnight hour! I mentally vowed never to take a trip with him again.

His examination thus made, Bell threw off all reserve, and as we trotted along chatted most cheerfully, feeling perfect security, because he knew there was no house or hovel along the dreary eight Irish miles we had yet to travel. It had again become quite dark, and I must own I would rather have risked a shot to this long and solitary ride.

We had proceeded about half-way, and were already descending the mountain's side, when we perceived a cluster of lights moving towards us in the valley below, at the same time the shouts of the party reached our ears, but as burials often take place by torchlight in this part of Ireland, we felt no alarm or surprise. Bell merely desired us to proceed in single file along the edge of the road, and keep our persons as far as possible undiscovered.

A quarter of an hour brought us within a few paces of the crowd, about whom the major began to feel some uneasiness, as he already recognised the tones of violent rebellious songs shouted forth, and not the lugubrious wail which accompanies the defunct Irish peasant to his tomb. The torches shed a bright light, and we saw in the midst of about some three or four hundred frantic drunkards, a man seated on a mule, to whom every song and every shout seemed addressed. In a moment the magistrate's clear whisper came to my ear, "Leap the hedge—it's Kennedy, the principal murderer at Carrickshock; the jury have feared to convict, his accomplices are bringing him home in triumph, they would skin me alive if they could catch me—so quick, jump; and try to sneak past unseen. I'd be sorry to bring you into a scrape, or I think I'd dodge them a bit."

"For Heaven's sake, don't!" exclaimed I.

"Then quick, for your life!"

This was the third warning of the kind I had received within a few hours—need I say I again mentally cursed my own folly, for coming out on such a dare-devil expedition, and as quickly obeyed my friend's directions; far quicker than I have written it, our object was effected, and we lay snugly *perdu*, behind a hedge, watching the noisy procession as it passed. But unluckily our attendant was not equally fortunate; armed with a sabre beneath his cloak, the clank of his arms (a sound to which every Irish peasant's ear is familiar) betrayed him as his horse bounded over into the field. In an instant all was confusion, and the whole party, at once leaving the main road, spread out on every side far and near, to discover and destroy the intruder. Unluckily one scoundrel caught a sight of me, and in the next moment kindly discharged his blunderbuss straight at me. His drunkenness or the malformation of his weapon alone saved me, for he was within twenty yards of me. I heard three other reports, and galloped away, well knowing my existence now depended on my speed. Bell was by my side, the policeman I could hear clattering in our rear. My anxiety was such that I did not open my lips. I spurred as sharply as I could the wearied animal I bestrode, till unable to bear more, it fairly sunk under me, or, rather I should say, stumbled over the first loose stone it trod on, utterly unable to recover itself.

"Never mind, my friend," cried the major, jumping down, "we're now within the town, the inn is only two hundred yards off, the police station is just across the lane, so you're in no danger; get up, and we'll walk to the hotel and get a good warm glass of grog—we've had a sharpish ride."

"We have," replied I, "sharper than I will ever willingly undergo again."

"Pshaw!" said Bell, "it's nothing."

"Perhaps not in your estimation; you may enjoy such fun, but believe me it's the last time you ever catch me accompanying you in A RIDE ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS OF KILKENNY."

HOW OFTEN WE MEET.

BY CHAS. S. MIDDLETON,

AUTHOR OF "HOURS OF RECREATION."

How often we meet, in our wanderings wide,

With spirits that seem near allied to our own;

And when we would press them with joy to our side,

We turn, but alas! they are faded and gone.

Perchance it is wrong when we picture them so,

But we love to believe that the vision is true;

For so seldom we meet with pure sympathy's glow,

That the shadow itself lends a charm to our view.

And the seasons roll on, with their smiles and their tears,

But oft when those moments of sadness will come,

We recal the bright visions of long-vanish'd years,

And they spread a warm glow round the gloom of our home.

Oh, how beautiful then are the forms that they wear,

So calm, and so still, and so sweetly serene;

Like the shadows of those whom in life we lov'd dear,

When we weep o'er the mem'ry of what they had been.

And seldom or never reality brings

Such feelings of rapture, such holy delight;

For friendship is fickle, and love hath its wings,

And we fear lest to-morrow should tell of their flight.

MORALS FOR THE MILLION.*

ONE of the most arduous endeavours made by writers of fiction belonging to the present age, is to demolish our faith in everything upon which we have been accustomed to look with veneration. It is sought to be impressed upon our minds, that what has hitherto been designated as virtue, is no more than a delusion of the fancy; and, on the other hand, what we have been accustomed to look upon as vice, is to be regarded as such no longer. From the commencement of the universe until now, mankind has been labouring under a mistake. It was reserved for the present generation to brush away the mist from the eyes of the great human family, and, amidst the busy turmoil of scientific discoveries, the startling sound of some philosophical novelty, the loud and unsettled murmurs of revolution, to declare that the code of morality existing among, and venerated by, our forefathers, has been a false one. The exceptions to the class of writers who fall under the lash of our censure are few. One or two steady adherents to the old and long-established maxims of propriety may be found, but they are almost completely jostled off the pathway by the rudeness and audacity of the new theorists. The object they propose to themselves to obtain is plain; to attempt, therefore, to shroud it in any mystery would be equally impossible, as it would be absurd. We go so far as to question the morality of men who can promulgate such doctrines as the class of writers do to which we refer. We give them no credit for labouring under error—on the contrary, it is generally persons gifted with some ability, and with a certain amount of genius, who seek most sedulously to inculcate evil in the minds of the rising generation of England, by presenting them with a false theory of human nature, by lowering the tone of morals, by depreciating all that is holy, and by throwing a gloss over whatever is impure and bad. Depraved themselves, they long, like the one great presiding spirit of evil, to bring the whole human race down to their own level. Not that they dare to hope to accomplish their object by the one or two sets of three volumes which they from time to time contrive to urge upon the attention of the public. By no means; they only wish to add their mite, trusting that their example may encourage others to similar undertakings. To deny these authors the triumph they derive from the confession that their novels do exercise the evil tendency they desire, would be as impossible as it would be unwise; and to assert that the perusal of improper writings exerts no bad effect upon the youthful mind, is utterly devoid of truth. All are not gifted with strong powers of discrimination between good and evil, especially at an early age; and, as the continual dropping of water wears away stone, so the unceasing appeals of vice at the door of the understanding must infallibly, sooner or later, meet with some reply. It is well known that the fatal gift of curiosity is inherent in most minds; this it is which prompts the young to resolve to dip into anything which is forbidden. There is a charm in the mysterious, and when, therefore, a ban has been set upon any book whatsoever, it is immediately converted into an object of intense desire. There it stands, with an interdiction upon its tempting pages; but into these pages the boy has resolved to penetrate. He will not be withheld from understanding a portion of those mysteries with which older persons have the privilege of becoming acquainted. The recompense of this curiosity is frequently a dish of unparalleled dulness. The volumes rarely come up in interest to the standard of excellence the youth has laid down; but if they should chance to do so, they are read and re-read, conned over by night and by day; a mysterious attraction lurks in each forbidden page; the perils have inexplicable charms, the dangers

* Mildred Vernon. *A Tale of Parisian Life in the Last Days of the Monarchy.* By Hamilton Murray. In Three Volumes. London: Colburn. 1848.

of the heroes and heroines are sympathised in, and an uneasy, fluttering sensation fills the heart of the peruser, until, perhaps, he lays down the volume with his brain in a whirl of excitement, which subsides into a state of mental depression,—in which morbid condition he is deeply imbued with the paltry sentiments and vicious philosophy of the work he has just laid down. The conviction of their hollowness does not, however, come to him. He has begun the race; he is fascinated by the perusal, and he must go on. Gifted with no strong intellect, he is, perhaps, unable to resist the influence upon him; he cannot distinguish accurately the line of morality from the pile of contradictions before him, and doubts and fears enter in, which are but the harbingers to enemies of a worse description still.

Imitation is a failing to which human nature is strangely addicted. No matter whether for good or for evil, it will still imitate according as fancy dictates—as circumstances occur to direct it in its course. We once heard of a youth who asserted that, after perusing the exploits of Jack Sheppard, in some cheap publication, he was possessed by the most intense desire to follow in his wake, and carry into effect some of the plans formed by the young housebreaker, and that it was long before he could free his mind from the wish or inclination to do as the novel-created hero had done before him. This, we are aware, is an extreme case; but though we cannot reveal with certainty the thoughts passing through thousands of breasts at this moment, we know well, from experience, how constant contact with immorality, constant association with people of lax, though not decidedly immoral notions, the constant perusal of objectionable writings, wears away, as it were, insensibly, the pure freshness which constitutes the barriers of the mind against the inroads of evil, gradually undermines the strong pillars of principle, and, by degrees, gives a shock to the whole moral system.

So much and so deeply are we impressed with these feelings, that rather than behold our daughters and our wives making the novels of our French brethren their sources of amusement, we would deny them access to literature of every kind. We cherish a superstitious dread of having the delicacy of our countrywomen's minds invaded by such productions as French novels; and the one now before us may be regarded in the light of a fungus springing up from the same rank bed of corruption which has generated so many previous emanations of the same kind. The author is decidedly French in feeling, in thought, and sympathies.

We say there is a passion for imitation in everything and almost everybody; we imitate the fashions of other nations in dress, habits, in speech, but more-over in writings and modes of thought. The French novels, as they stand, however much they may borrow one from another, are not imitations from us; they sprang from the French nation, and stand as a type of the code of morality practised by a great portion of the inhabitants of that country. We have lately sedulously sought to imitate our neighbours in this respect, with, however, far less evidence of talent. It does not require the same amount of art to throw a gloss over vice as it does to portray a manly, natural picture of humanity; and for this reason we may venture to hope that the taint which our literature will receive will not be so deeply rooted. One of the worst signs in the progress of nations is the degradation of its literature. High and ennobling works proceed only from pure minds. "By their fruits ye shall know them." And judging from all that has gone before, from the results of philosophical investigation, we may fairly argue that where the literature of a nation—constituting as it does the voice of a whole people, the very throb of its heart—is gross and vicious, that a low ebb of morality ends. Our literature in general is remarkable for its purity. It is the boast of the Englishman that the same high principles of honour which make him revered wherever he sets his foot on a foreign shore, constitute the characteristic of his literature. Our novels once were distinguishable for the quaint purity of their pages. A new era is now beginning. A few feeble efforts, like the first grasp of an unwieldy sea reptile as it nears the shore, were at first made to try the temper of the ground

on which the creature sought to set its foot. One or two women stepped forward and set the example of preceding ages at defiance, threw aside the natural garb of gentleness which nature gave them, and smilingly invited the world no longer to be shocked at the breaking through of a few conventionalities, and the trampling down of a few moral ties which had hitherto preserved society steadily on its foundation; they pointed to their neighbours across the Channel, and silently wished to institute a comparison between themselves and that being whose chief boast and desire it is to strip herself of all womanly attributes, and to stand forth as the embodiment of her own writings and sentiments, than which nothing more devoid of truth and honesty can exist. Not to be behind-hand, we have now a few gentlemen following in the rear, and hastening to present to their children, as suitable Christmas presents, three-volume novels containing as much immorality as could, with any respect to the publisher, be crammed into the pages. The author of "Mildred Vernon" will never, let him rest assured, be blamed for keeping "temptation" out of the sight of the youths of England. Let him rest in peace. If they were to peruse nothing else, they will have enough to satisfy them here, for we could never remember to have seen portrayed in any novel, past or present, so many scenes of cool, deliberate viciousness. We shall make every allowance for talent—for genius, if you will; we will confess the novel to be well written; some of the characters, such as they are, to be ably portrayed, the interest tolerably sustained, and yet we undertake to prove that the novel is one of the very worst that has appeared. The author imagines himself gifted with a profound philosophy—he is mistaken; he fancies he has depicted nature—he is also mistaken here. He deems that in his heroine he has created the model of female excellence, purity, virtue, self-devotedness; but we shall have occasion to show that he is very far from having accomplished his task.

In his preface, our author, in allusion to his motto—

You're not a moral people, and you know it,
Without the aid of too sincere a poet—

says that though he placed it on his title-page, it had no allusion to the French people, but rather to the English. Now to comment on this absurdity is unnecessary; either the words applied to the nation he was endeavouring to describe, or they had no business there. Mr. Hamilton Murray then proceeds to inform us that the French are a decidedly more moral people than we are; that the tie which binds the husband to the wife is far more strictly observed. We have no desire to enter into any very minute investigation of this question at present; but why, if our author started with such a theory in his mouth, does he endeavour to eat his own words in every subsequent page of the book, and prove every French husband he introduces to be one of the most dissipated of mankind? Why did he not at least endeavour to assume the appearance of sincerity? But we forget ourselves; we are speaking to one who is anxious to establish the new code of morality, the most popular maxims of which we shall endeavour to present to our readers in the course of the ensuing pages. The women of France are not all immoral, but they are ALL "CHARMING," he says—and in what charming consists his story will amply show. If the intention of our author was to raise the French in our estimation, we wish sincerely he had chosen a champion better fitted than himself to undertake their defence. In his allusion to the Catholic clergy, whom we cannot, in some instances, fail to respect, Mr. Murray betrays his intense leaning towards Catholicism; he considers the influence of the priests beneficial to a great extent, and expresses himself so zealously in their behalf that there can exist no mistake upon the subject. To religion under any other shape, he abstains from making the slightest allusion; and in this he has perhaps shown his wise policy, since he cannot but perceive that no one gifted with a reverence for Scriptural laws and truth could act as his *dramatis personæ* do. The Protestant Lady Vernon once seeks the priest in her troubles, but she goes no further. On this portion of the subject we will not dwell; it has little or no connexion with what we have engaged ourselves to describe.

In the first chapter of the novel we are introduced to an English lady and gentleman, Sir Edward and Lady Vernon, who having married for love a year before, are come to spend the second winter of their wedded life in Paris. We behold them first at the theatre, overhearing a scandalous conversation in the next box, between the Baroness Cezezey and Gaston de Montreux, who are afterwards destined to figure considerably upon the scene as the respective lovers of Sir Edward and his wife. The reader instantly perceives that there is something to be told of the happy pair, who a year before had exchanged the most tender vows of affection, had promised entire devotedness to each other—whom all the world believed to be decidedly a happy couple. Sir Edward immediately begins by falling in love with the Baroness de Cezezey, who is a young creature of fairy form and surpassing loveliness, with eyes “like a cat,” as Mr. Murray says. This, we suppose, is his type of beauty. Through her we are introduced to many orders of French society, in which this young married woman moves, who is on terms of intimacy with any one for the time being—who boasts of her utter contempt for morality—who scorns to be thought virtuous—whose ambition is to bring as many men as possible to her feet, to smoke, to ride, to dance opera dances, to bet, to race—and possess, in fact, all the qualifications of a sportsman, a gambler, and a dissipated man of the world. However, this utter contempt of all the conventionalities of life, all decorum and virtue, combined with the influence of an “infinitely-beautiful face,” magnificent hair, “cat-like eyes,” and imperceptible feet, always dressed in white satin, inspire Sir Edward immediately with a responsive “feline love.” These are our author’s own words: “Her fingers,” he says, “seemed about to shape themselves into ‘claws.’” Mr. Murray exalts the long-vaunted superiority of man over woman wonderfully when he confesses to one of his own race being subjugated by a “cat;” this is the first time an animal of that species has ever figured as the heroine of a novel, we imagine. Be this, however, as it may, Sir Edward’s affection, though endured, is never reciprocated by the cat-like baroness, because she has no heart to give. She loves no one but herself, and her ambition and her pursuit is pleasure; and this she obtains by adding to her list of lovers as many names as she possibly can—several duels are the result of her behaviour. All Paris, it seems, is captivated by her extraordinary beauty. Sir Edward—to the total neglect of his wife, whom he treats with the greatest coldness when he chances to meet her—follows in the wake of Cezezey wherever she goes; he squanders his fortune upon her; quits Paris when she quits it, and is spoken of only in connection with her. As the type of a cold-blooded, heartless, vain man, Sir Edward is well drawn; his course through the novel is only marked in connection with that of the baroness. For her sake he is wounded in a duel; and when he is scorned for another who had awakened the only spark of feeling in the heart of Cezezey she ever experienced, he conducts himself like a madman, and at length dies of apoplexy in Italy. The career of the baroness continues much the same; in one moment shocked by the suicide of her lover, Louis de Chavigny, through poverty, she plunges again into the same career, makes new conquests one day to lose them the next. We have slightly dwelt upon these personages, in order to be able to devote more space to the heroine, Mildred, upon whose story the above hints will throw some light. In her the author intended to represent a virtuous, affectionate, and tender English wife. She is born in the country and educated there. Sir Edward meets her in her mother’s house and immediately loves her; she returns his affection with all the devotion of her heart; they both indulge for a while in the early dreams of a first love; and then, with every promise of happiness, are married. In one year, however, each feeling has changed—if Mildred’s affection did receive a check upon their entrance into the busy scenes of Paris—if her husband’s coldness wounded her—if her jealousy irritated her—if his indifference at length disgusted her utterly with him, this was no excuse for admitting another image into that sanctuary into which she had sworn none other should enter. A woman must suffer wrongs; but she must not retaliate them by the same wrongs, or her every attribute of virtue is gone—the guilt of a

husband never can form an excuse for the guilt of the wife. Let him inflict on her what injuries he pleases—let him give her every occasion for jealousy—let him treat her with indifference, even scorn, she may quit him if she can reconcile it to her conscience to do so; but let her never dare to stray in thought from the path of virtue, or she loses her claim to our sympathy. We repeat there is no retaliation for woman; she can never retrace her steps. There is something which whispers to a true woman's heart that even if every hope of her life has been disappointed—if every sweet vision of domestic happiness has passed away—if *his* love, which once constituted her pride, has turned into another channel, it is still her lot to resign herself in seclusion to her fate. If she raise but a cry of repining, so as to be heard by the world, the purity of her nature seems to be tarnished; there is no earthly affection, no enjoyment, however great in perspective, that can ever compensate her for the loss of that sweet conviction that, however he has failed in his duty, her conduct has been irreproachable. Innocence is the very essence of a woman's happiness: that once destroyed she never knows a truly happy moment again. Even hope deserts her; for if her heart has ever bowed before another shrine than his to whom she has sworn to bind herself, how can she ever efface the injustice if ever her husband should return penitent to her? This, however, is not the creed of our author. Mildred does not run away with another person, she does not suffer the world to know what is passing in her mind: she is therefore esteemed a very correct woman. At Sir Edward's first neglect she, however, as much forgets her duty as a wife as though she had already admitted the image of another into her heart. Had she really cherished one spark of the love she once professed towards her husband, she would have sought, by redoubled tenderness, to win him back; she would have met his tenderness with kindness—have soothed, not reproached him—have comforted, and not sneered. She would have taught herself the lesson that in walking correctly before the eye of the world does not lie the whole duty of a wife. Instead of abandoning him at once to his fate and ceasing to concern herself about him, she would have used her utmost endeavours to win him back to her by that infallible artillery of tenderness which, when well employed, could have turned him from the pursuit of the giddy and vicious young baroness. Nothing of all this does Mildred do. She inhabits the same hotel with her husband, but the different engagements of each constantly keep them apart; they rarely if ever meet. Mildred finds solace in the society of Gaston de Montreux, whom she begins to love—without, of course, being aware of it—and he, on his side, is as deeply attached to her. Circumstances might, however, have greatly assisted her understanding had she chosen to listen to them. Sir Edward never once suspects his wife; he to the last believes her all nobleness and purity; and accordingly, placing her in a beautiful chateau a few leagues from Paris, he proceeds to Dieppe, whither the baroness had preceded him. Mildred never, however, notices her husband's absence. Gaston, always contriving to be lingering about the chateau, continually meets her; they walk together by moonlight, sit down upon the fallen trunks of trees—Gaston even becomes quite brotherly in his manifestations of affection—and yet Lady Vernon is the pure-minded, suffering wife, wandering hand-in-hand through the dark forests with a comparative stranger! English ladies who wish to be thought examples of propriety do not do these things: married women do not encourage stolen interviews; they do not receive their lovers with smiles; they do not forget the flight of hours in their eager conversations.

It is the height of absurdity for an author to wish to prove that his heroine is betrayed by the force of circumstances into such acts. There is no woman who cannot resist evil if she be inclined so to do; and every wife knows well how to make any admirer but her husband feel he is unwelcome if she choose to act upon principle; we have, therefore, no sympathy with the doctrine which teaches the moral to wives: If your husbands set you a bad example, follow it; if they neglect you, neglect them; but, above all things, beware how you seek to win them back to you by tenderness and affection. Had our author been endeavouring to show the evil effects which result from Mildred's

conduct we should not so much have blamed him; but after all that his heroine does he still sets her up as a model of purity, a martyr to her sufferings, a woman to be admired, and whose example is to be followed. It is true Gaston marries some one else by compulsion, but he is supposed still to carry his love with him, though Lady Vernon is freed by Sir Edward's death from the tie which bound her, just a week or two too late for their plans. This portion of the story is powerfully drawn—as, in truth, are many other parts of it. Frequently we meet with scenes of singular effect, dialogues of remarkable ability, and descriptions of great beauty; but what do they avail if there is not a single character in the whole novel to whom we can accord our respect? Mr. Murray seems incapable of portraying a virtuous man or woman; every one has a taint upon them—though we ought, perhaps, to except the Viscountess Moreton, a person not often introduced, who is hardly drawn out at all. All the women besides consist of separated wives, and persons to whom the world refuses to accord their sanction.

We are introduced to a Marquise de Boislabert, who, married to an affectionate husband, with a family of young children, almost infants, around her, yet proposes an elopement with a former lover of hers, who, after having lowered her in her own estimation, treats her with scorn, and declines her proposal for carrying her off to Italy with immeasurable coolness. Return home she cannot; and, in a fit of repentance, she hides under an assumed name in a forest. Her husband, who really loved her, is inconsolable; he is swayed alternately by his affection and his detestation of the crime she has committed. Unable to endure the sight of his children, he quits the country. Meanwhile, his wife, in all the bitterness of remorse, dwells in the forest with the priest, as her only visitant. Our author condemns the practice which he says is prevalent in England as elsewhere, of visiting upon the repentant sinner the consequences of their crime for ever after. Along with him we deprecate too great a severity towards an erring brother, and are constantly grievously pained by the knowledge of the fact that many a man has been urged to the last acts of despair, because, however penitent, however disposed to return to the paths of good, he has found the portals of the abodes of virtue coldly closed upon him. Society is endeavouring rapidly to ameliorate this evil. This, however, is a question into which it would be imprudent further to enter; suffice it to say, that however much we may be disposed to look with pity upon the sufferings of a remorseful woman, plunged to the depths of the consciousness of sin, we cannot enter into that feeling which would prompt a husband to receive back the wife who had once quitted her home for that of another—who had withstood the appeals made to her heart by the deep-seated grief of an affectionate husband, the voice of the little ones she had reared, and the mute appeal of an innocent slumberer, by whose cradle she had so often sat, and whom she had lulled upon her breast to sleep. If, deaf to affection, deaf to the voice of memory, blind to the recollection of many an early hour of love, she quits her husband's side, how can we enter into the wish of a high-minded man to replace her again in the same position? In the intensity of his love he might forgive her. By the memory of all that first holy dream of manly affection—by the remembrance of all the pure feelings of devotion he had offered up to her, he might be induced to pronounce pardon; but how could he replace her in the sanctuary from which she had once fled? No; there is something in the mind of the pure which refuses to believe that a noble character, like the General Boislabert is supposed to be, would ever plead for his wife's return—everything else he might do; he might soothe her last moments with promises of forgiveness, but he could not look upon her a second time as his wife. This incident is an evident imitation of the plot of *The Stranger*. In the Marquise Boislabert we have Mrs. Haller again, with her retirement, her repentance, her bitter sufferings, and remorse. The only difference is, that in the present instance she refuses to return, but retires to a distant part of the country, and becomes a Sister of Charity.

Louis de Chavigny is a man whose life is supposed to be embittered by the deceit of the Marquise de Bois Lambert, who had early plighted her love to him. They are separated by adverse circumstances, and the old stale incident of a mistake in the spelling of a name is resorted to excuse her marriage with the general. He returns years after only to wreak his vengeance upon her—cold blooded and unmanly is that revenge; but he proceeds, and then commits suicide by cutting his throat with remarkable skill.

It would be a useless task to linger longer upon the remaining portions of this novel, which, while it displays great ability and power of delineation, is more full of contemptible sentiments, corrupt principles, and false notions of morality than any work we have had the pain of perusing for some time. To the shame of our English readers be it spoken, "Mildred Vernon" will of course be read, because when once a novel is pronounced bad every one is eager to see what it contains. We are too impartial not to deny it the merit of being well written; we scorn to resort to anything but the truth in speaking even of such a production, which, with all its ability, all its power, all its interest, stands as a blot upon the fame of the man who has condescended to be its author. From what we have said our readers may gather his morality and ideas of virtue; his maxims are new, his theories startling; and if the public wish to become initiated into a hitherto-unknown system of ethics, they will find it amply detailed in the pages of "Mildred Vernon."

LAYS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

By FANNY E. LACY.

No. 3.—MIRANDA.

Ferdinand.—"Admired Miranda! indeed the top of admiration,
 So perfect and so peerless,

Art created of every creature's best."

Miranda.—"I do not know, one of my sex; no woman's face remember,
 Save in my glass mine own: nor have I seen
 More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
 And my dear father."

Tempest, Act 3, Scene 1.

SHE in her own fair world doth move;

While in each snowy thought,
 Youth and calm innocence hath wove,
 The hues by Nature wrought:
 Love slumbering in her guileless breast,
 Smiles in his infant dream;
 And Fancy strews his tranquil rest,
 With flowers of Heaven's beam.

"Admired Miranda!" thou a Queen
 Art on thy spotless throne;
 Thy world within a mind serene,
 The world without unknown:
 And when this globe of outward sense,
 With "cloud-clapp'd towers" shall fall;
 Thy world of holy innocence,
 Shall smile secure o'er all.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

THE theatrical season is now in full blossom; and though no bright flowers or ripe fruit have as yet appeared, still all looks sunny and hopeful, and gives good augury of a rich and profitable harvest. An evident reaction in the public affords assurance that play-houses and players will be patronised not alone through the freaks of fashion, but by a returning love for the player's art.

Theatrical amusements are inherent to the tastes of the English people, and to the Londoner in an especial degree; and though the feeling may be manifested by fits and starts, rather than by a continuous affection, we know no single instance, during a very extended experience, where the public has not flocked to the theatres when a worthy attraction has been presented.

The system which we had for many years advised is now being partially adopted—the classification of theatres. This, if wisely and stringently carried out, will do as much for the improvement of actors, as it will be found profitable to managers. A specific style of drama should be the known means of attraction of each theatre. The lovers of lyrical art will visit Covent Garden—the adherents of tragedy and comedy the Haymarket and Sadler's Wells—the admirers of vaudeville and burlesque the Lyceum—the sentimental and the laughter-loving, the Adelphi; and those who affect the mixed drama will continue to fill the well-conducted Marylebone. Thus the means and appliances of effectively producing each specific style of entertainment will be abundant, and the play-goer be enabled to select the amusement best adapted to his taste and his liking.

The recent outcry upon the subject of the legitimate drama is somewhat akin with that of the boy in the fable, who called "Wolf!" so repeatedly and falsely, that what at first excited attention, by its frequent repetition and hollowness, at last begat inattention and contempt.

There can be no question that the supply of the material depends upon the demand—the market influences the price, and no fears need be apprehended that when the requisite dramatic genius makes its advent, that a public will be found who will gladly hasten to witness and applaud, and cherish the newly-discovered wonder. Poets will then arise, and dramatists appear, to furnish food for the actor, and what is fondly and obstinately called the "legitimate drama" will then find its legitimate status through legitimate means.

The forcing system will not answer—the hot-house plan to ripen the fruit will not succeed—it must bud, and blossom, and ripen, and acquire value and reality, by the intrinsic force of natural culture, or its form and odour and flavour will be but as apples of the Dead Sea—ashes without fire. The public ordeal must be passed fairly and honestly—packed houses and interested applauders will not avail—wreaths and bouquets, and purchased cheers, and calls before the curtain, are things of nought—these are but the coruscations of the rocket, which are soon extinguished, and when the glare of the glitter are passed, leave but a charred stick as a memento of their short-lived brilliancy.

The innumerable letters for and against the poetic drama, elicited by the statement published by Mr. Bunn, have amused but not instructed; they have shed no new light on the subject—they have but confirmed our previous knowledge, that the bumps of self-esteem and acquisitiveness are more potently developed in historians than in all other classes of artists. The true points of the case may find ample verge and space in the confines of a mustard seed. We repeat the old dogma of the political economists, "the growth is ever upon an average with the demand."

There is no citable period when what is, *par excellence*, styled the legitimate drama succeeded by its own unassisted excellence. Illegitimate ballast was always necessary to keep the proud ship afloat. Even so far distant as the period when David Garrick flourished, it was found vital to the treasury to introduce French dancers and Italian singers into legitimate comedies, to sweeten the attraction; and these anachronisms were suffered to pass the critic's pen and the manager's judgment unabused and un-commented.

In the much-talked-of palmy days of the stage, when John Kemble, the *ultimus Romanorum*, and Mrs. Siddons, the tragic muse, and Charles Young, and Miss O'Neil, and William Macready, and Charles Kemble, were in the hey-day of their powers, even then horses were necessary to draw houses, and Madame Saqui received fifty guineas per night

for dancing upon a tight rope. And thus will it ever be, so long as ruinous rents, the consequence of such sized theatres as Drury Lane and Covent Garden, are deemed all important to the due representation of the loftier class of plays.

The system of classification we have suggested will, if adopted, do more to help the true interests of the stage than all the Utopian plans and projects dreamed of by visionaries, or the esthetics enunciated by syncretical advocates.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Never within our memory has the lyrical drama of this country rejoiced in the same brilliant hopes as have been awakened by the opening of the whilome "Royal Italian" for the representation of English Operas illustrated by English artistes. The theatre is the best adapted for such purpose of any other in Europe, and the advantages which it commands are so magnificent and so abundant, that no work extant, or that may be forthcoming, but may be produced with such means as might be vainly sought for in any establishment devoted to a similar purpose. If the plan be carried out with spirit, we have no fears of an extended patronage and a correspondent profit, and from the admitted indomitable energy, and the lengthened experience of Mr. Bunn, all doubts vanish that every work worthy of being placed before the public, will receive all that pictorial aid and a liberal *mise en scene* can effect.

The time is also most favourable for the purpose, for the antique prejudice that existed against native compositions and native singers is now exploded, and the hope is ever uppermost in the mind of the public that each new work and each fresh *débütant* will tend to eradicate the Continental opinion, that England, although it can afford to pay exorbitantly for lyrical and instrumental superiority, can produce little above mediocrity. But "There's a good time coming," and the naturally fine voices of our countrymen, and the deep musical feeling which England possessed when even Italy and Germany were in a comparative state of lyrical barbarism, will, with the present devotion to the beautiful science, and the growing ambition of the rising professors, stand foremost among "Nations musical."

The plan adopted by Mr. Bunn of engaging foreign celebrities, so far from being objectionable, is worthy all commendation; it fraternises art, and neutralises that narrow spirit which is as the worm to the bud; it tends to improve the native artist, widens the circle of musical enjoyment and dramatic pleasure, and assists to make the art universal.

England has become the true home of musical art. The political convulsions of the Continent have for the time destroyed its harmonising influences. The orchestra of the French Opera is drowned in the noise of the *rappel*, and the inspired works of the composers of Germany are buried in the sound and fury of the cannon of Vienna. In Italy the genius of music has departed, and its disciples are doomed to wander forth to climes where the sword of war sleeps in its scabbard, and the wild shouts of a revolutionary people are hushed into silence. Here, and here alone, must music build its throne—here, and here alone, may the Muses enjoy that peaceful calm and placid enjoyment which are vital to the culture and the growth of the arts, which promote the only abiding enjoyment. Therefore no moment will be more opportune than the present, for the serious and stable establishment of an English opera-house, devoted to its true and legitimate object, and Mr. Bunn is fortunate to possess the varied means to develop, with profit to himself and advantage to the public, so honourable and so truly national a design.

The Court and aristocracy have responded to the call, and have not only subscribed largely, but have given to it, what is especially valuable, their personal presence.

The company secured is extensive, and many of its members' names have reached the topmost height of the world's respect; for, independently of the old and well-known talents, we have Mdle. Nissen, the favourite of Meyerbeer, and Madame Stoltz, universally admitted to be one of the greatest lyrical actresses in Europe. There is Sims Reeves, incontestably amongst, if not the very finest tenor now living; and many new aspirants for lyrical honours, who have already achieved signal successes as concert singers. An orchestra and a chorus have been engaged sufficient in numerical force to give fitting effect to all works that may be forthcoming. New operas by Balfe, and Wallace, and Schira, are in preparation, and Auber and Mendelssohn will take their turn in securing pleasure to the public, and in imparting a musical prestige to the New English Opera House.

That no means may be wanting to minister to the varied taste of the public, the ballet forms a leading feature, for which an unprecedentedly numerous excellent *corps* has been

engaged, with graceful *coryphées*, and the *agaçante* Plunket as the presiding divinity of the dance.

The season commenced with Vincent Wallace's romantic opera of *Maritana*, in which appeared two *débütantes*, Miss Wallace, a sister of the composer, to whom other stages were familiar; and Miss Eliza Nelson, who made her first appearance upon any stage. The success of the new *prima donna* was hypothetical, and her name has by degrees vanished from the play-bill. The less prominent aspirant made what may be deemed a hit in the part of Lazarillo, and has a sweet voice and agreeable manner. When time shall have ripened her organ, and experience given stage knowledge, she will prove a valuable addition to the English stage. The perennial *Bohemian Girl* introduced the standard favourites, Miss Romer and Mr. Harrison. The popular airs were received with their customary favour, and the vocalists were received with a warm greeting and a genial welcome. Balfe's most carefully written work, *The Boudman*, has been given with a material change from its original distribution of character—Mr. Travers, who a few seasons past, it will be remembered, appeared at Drury Lane in *La Favorita*, playing the character of Ardenford; a Mr. Corri, of the Dublin Theatre, appearing as the Marquis de Vernon; and a Mr. Herbert as Count Floreville. Mr. Travers possesses a full and vibratory tenor voice, under excellent control. He has studied in a good school, and his general method and phrasing are admirable. His present tendency to exaggerate, and the desire to produce effect, by forcing the terminations of each *motivo*, time and reflection will ameliorate. His success was quite perfect, and the *encores* numerous and honestly earned.

Mr. Corri is an excellent barytone, and an actor of merit, and Mr. Herbert has a pleasant tenor voice, with an agreeable method. The three "first appearances" will be found of essential service, and possess the elements to secure popular appreciation.

It was hardly to be anticipated that operas that had run so long a career of favour should prove attractive, more especially when the new vocal candidates had not been heralded by the accustomed managerial flourish of trumpets, but the announcement of Mr. Sims Reeves cast its sunshine before, and upon the occasion of his first appearance as Elvino, in the *Sonnambula*, the theatre was fully and fashionably attended. His triumph in Edgardo, in *Lucia di Lamermoor*, his one night's success in *Linda di Chamouni*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the sensation he produced at Exeter Hall, by his fine interpretation of the classic masters, had greatly excited the public curiosity, and it is but justice to state that his lyrical and dramatic performance of Elvino tended rather to increase than to lower the favour of the audience. All the ovations usually tendered to the great foreign *artistes* were liberally showered upon him. We are fain to borrow the words of a profound and eloquent critic as the exponent of our individual opinion. "Compared with the greatest Italian singers, he is not, in any respect, found wanting. Gifted by nature with a tenor voice of singular power and beauty, he has evidently heightened its qualities by a course of well-directed study and practice. In the art of what the French expressively call *filier les sons*—sustaining his notes and joining them together with unbroken smoothness, as if they were produced by the long-drawn bow of a perfect violinist—Mr. Reeves rivals the very best of the Italian singers, and far surpasses every English singer since the best days of Braham; and his manner of phrasing, accentuation, and embellishment belongs to the best and purest vocal school. He never fails but when he endeavours to do too much, or rather, perhaps, when in scenes of passion he is carried too far by the excitement of the moment. At such times he strains his voice beyond its natural strength, and sacrifices the beauty of tone in the attempt to be expressive and forcible. This, and flights more ambitious than successful, into the regions of falsetto, are the only faults with which he can be fairly charged." Miss Romer's Amina is well known—though, perhaps, in parts too energetic, the character is properly felt, and the execution of the music free from the common vice of exaggeration. Mr. Whitworth, as the Count, was quiet and gentlemanly.

The new ballet of *The Amazons* has been borrowed from the last choreographic production of the Académie Royale at Paris, and produced here by Monsieur Barrez, assisted by Mr. B. Barnett. Though deficient in plot, and not very original in thought, it affords good scope for scenic display, gorgeous dresses, and various strategic evolutions, which are performed with firmness and precision. There are about one hundred and thirty dancers clad in mail, "with shining helmets and glittering breast-plates." The effect is quite beautiful as the army defiles through a mountain pass. The groupings are picturesque and the dances well composed. Madlle. Plunkett is improved marvellously in her art—she has become a *première sujet* of the highest class. Her execution is brilliant and certain, and she bounds across the stage with the grace and elasticity of an antelope. She is applauded nightly with great fervour, and her "variations" in the various *pas* that occur receive unanimous *encores*.

The pretty and popular ballet of *The Devil to Pay* has been revived with good effect, and varies the Terpsichorean entertainment, at the same time that it affords the repose necessary to the graceful exertions of Mademoiselle Plunket.

The instant production of Auber's last successful opera of *Haydée* has, of course, employed all the energies of the direction. We hear that a scene in the second act, of a deck of a vessel, is one of the most extraordinary nautical tableaux ever exhibited on the stage; and, independently of the attraction of a new opera, written by the most distinguished amongst French composers, the *début* of Miss Lucombe on the lyrical stage has created a vivid sensation amongst the musical *dilettanti*. We must not omit to mention the admirable manner in which the several works presented have been placed on the stage. A very striking improvement has taken place in this important feature, under the surveillance of Mr. Ellis, the clever stage director. A full analysis of the plot and the music of *Haydée* will be given in our November number.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

The commencement of one of Jullien's seasons is always an important event in the musical world, and our readers will not be displeased at being informed that, from tokens given in his recent career at Brighton, auguries may be derived that his Promenade Concerts at Drury Lane this year will prove of surpassing excellence. On Monday the 16th he took his benefit, and submitted a programme on the occasion to the public that drew the entire fashionable world at present sojourning at that beautiful watering-place, and such was the reception of the pieces that Mr. Richardson, who took his benefit on the following Thursday, repeated the entertainments. The most successful piece was a new air by Angelina, wedded to beautiful words, entitled "Solitude," and executed on the cornet a piston by Herr Kœnig. The composition is a perfect *bijou*, such as some unseen spirit might warble in a hermit's cell to attune his soul to the calm enjoyments of his lonely wild; it characterises its subject with the most truthful feeling, and enamours the hearer with the solitude of which it sings. On both occasions the piece was rapturously encored, and will no doubt become extremely popular.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The season commenced on Saturday se'nnight, with a company though bereft, in a great degree, of many of the leading names which formerly distinguished this theatre, still full and effective for all elevated dramatic purposes. The house has been not only re-decorated, but greatly improved in form and convenience. The fronts of the boxes are of pale buff colour, with golden ornaments in relief, and the ceiling and the proscenium have been elaborately painted by Mr. Sang: the general effect is very good. The new drop curtain is painted by Mr. P. Phillips, and evinces considerable poetical feeling and artistic repose, for which English landscape and scene-painters have such general and well-merited praise. It represents the church at Stratford, where rest the ashes of Shakspeare, and has a chaste and mellow effect. It forms the centre of a rich screen of the best period of the *renaissance* architecture, surmounted by a bust of Shakspeare, and flanked on either side by two groups of Tragedy and Comedy. The former is from the well-known picture of Mrs. Siddons, and the latter, which we take to be an original composition, is quite worthy its companion. Two mirror compartments contain views of the Shakspeare House, and the Globe Theatre, and the whole is surrounded by an arabesque border upon tapestry. Altogether this is the most successful effort of Mr. Phillips's productions. Miss Laura Addison, who established a reputation as a tragic actress at Sadler's Wells, made her *début* on the opening night as Juliet. Her general conception is poetical, but her elocution is sadly deficient, and produces an unpleasant monotony. Great care may remove this ruling defect, which completely destroys her otherwise many valuable qualities. *The Patrician's Daughter* has been produced, in which she sustained the part of Mabel, with somewhat an improved result; but the general interest is so meagre that the tragedy excited as little enthusiasm as upon its original production, under Mr. Macready's management, at Drury Lane. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley have appeared in some of the usual farces, but nothing new has as yet been given. Mr. and Mrs. Kean, upon their arrival in town, will doubtless infuse some spirit into the establishment. We believe the manager has much novelty in store, which we would suggest should be speedily set forth; for, with the "hot rivalry" that now exists in the theatrical world, it is vitally necessary that the Yankee motto should be adopted of "Go ahead!"

LYCEUM THEATRE.

The old pieces and the old actors have attracted excellent houses. The only novelty has been the appearance of Mr. John Reeve, the son of "glorious John." The present aspirant for theatrical honours in many respects resembles his late father, but lacks the comic unction of the great Adelphi comedian. His present efforts, though intelligent, are crude, but from the small sample afforded us by his first appearance, we are inclined to think there be good stuff in him, which time and stage practice will develop. The piece prepared for his essay, *My Father did so Before Me*, is singularly barren of point. There is, however, a comic song, descriptive of Greenwich Fair, its clowns, its rope-dancers, and its equestrianisms, which was sung and acted with great cleverness by the *debutant*. His reception was tremendous; and at the conclusion of the piece Mr. John Reeve was called before the curtain, amidst cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

The novelties here have been a small shoal of new appearances, in the lyrical line, but with the exception of Mr. Charles Braham, nothing of special mark has turned up. A worthless opera, by M. Flotow, called *Leoline*, has been produced, but failed to make any impression. A pretty ballad, sweetly sung by Mr. Charles Braham, received the honour of a double encore. The story is puerile, and the music is ignoble; two qualities, however, in perfect unison with the orchestra and chorus engaged by the manager, to give *efficiency* to lyrical works. The same anachronisms of dresses and scenery, and the same poverty of *ensemble*, characterise the Princess's as have distinguished the establishment from its commencement.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.

The tide of success that has flowed from the commencement of the present management has known no ebb. Novelty has succeeded novelty in quick career, and the public has responded with hearty good will to the unremitting exertions. No sooner had the rich Hiberniasms of Hudson ceased than the interesting American authoress and actress, Mrs. Mowatt, and her brother, Mr. Davenport, chased the sensibilities of the audiences by their natural portraiture of many of the best dramas. To these has followed the perennial T. P. Cooke, the tutelary genius of the Surrey Theatre and the *beau ideal* of the British Navy. T. P. Cooke is a perfect model of the man-of-war man; all is taut and trim, from stem to stern; his very walk is redolent of the deck; no one would mistake him for a landsman; there is the true sea mark upon him, baccy and lobsouse, hard biscuit and salt junk constitute his *cuisine*, and pitch and tar are his cosmetics. He is no make-believe sailor; no simulated tar; but a real, right-down earnest seaman; he has done duty and good service, and has sailed on the "ocean wave" and been in action and received the medal for brave deeds, and long may he live to enjoy the meed bestowed upon him by the Queen of the British Isles. His William, in *Black-Eyed Susan* has lost but little of its pristine vigour, and with the aid of a little extra paint is as fresh and touching as it was when first launched. He was enthusiastically cheered upon his entrance, and has drawn crowded and delighted audiences. A new drama has also been added to the stock attraction, entitled *The Midnight Watch*; it is from the practised pen of Mr. J. M. Morton, and skilfully constructed, abounding with interest, and the *tableaux* and the scenic effects admirably contrived. It bears, however, intrinsic evidence of being derived from a French source, but the dialogue is free from Gallicisms, and the characters evolve themselves from the dramatic incidents. The acting throughout was excellent, but we must not withhold our marked praise to Miss Fanny Vining's natural portraiture of Pauline, and of the mingled sufferings and pathos of Mr. James Johnstone's Paul Delaroche. The house has been crowded throughout the month.

GRATTAN COOKE'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.

This Casino, located in Holborn, is prettily fitted up, and very tastefully lighted. It boasts a band of great excellence, and the selections are of the right kind, being adapted to the various moods which a promenade, in a cheerful and spacious apartment, with smiling faces delighting the eyes, and music filling the ears, is sure to inspire. We regretted to find, on the occasion of our visit, that the weather had had the effect of thinning the attendance of visitors, but we feel quite sure that the spirit and good management which we saw displayed, will have their effect in rendering the enterprise successful.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

Whenever we have occasion to visit this highly-important public establishment, we always discover some fresh attraction, keeping pace with the advances of science, or holding out some allurements to the lovers of amusement. Since we last looked in, a valuable addition has been made to the collection of working models as well as to the various specimens of art and manufacture. The proprietors have no doubt had reference to the near approach of Christmas, when country cousins, young ones from school, and holiday folks of every description, flock to town, and will, as a matter of course, render the Polytechnic Institution one of the first objects of their curiosity. Amongst these attractions, one has been added that will prove a high treat to sight-seers—namely, a new set of dissolving views, infinitely surpassing all former efforts of the kind, at this place. They principally consist in illustrations of the Holy Land, and of scenes familiar to the spectator through the pages of classical history. There are also some modern views; but the chief charm in these delineations consists in the exquisitely-beautiful manner in which one picture dissolves into another and brightens into new development, as if woven from the hues of sunset or of moonlight. The changes of time and season are also depicted with wonderful fidelity, in a manner that strongly reminds us of the effects at the Diorama. One scene is a masterpiece of art. It is a Swiss cottage, mill, and millstream. Its first appearance is supposed to be at daybreak, in spring. The sun rises, eventually sets, and is succeeded by the moon, before whose disc clouds presently float past, and a storm breaks over the scene. This is managed with exquisite effect, and when it clears away, we find the same place under a summer sun, with all the agricultural features of that season. Autumn succeeds, and finally winter robs the ground of its verdure; denudes the trees of their green livery; locks up the stream in fetters of ice, and flings a mantle of snow over the entire landscape. The succession elicited well-merited applause. The phantasmagoria and chromatrope are as attractive as ever, and it is needless to add that the lectures are in the usual style of excellence. One by Dr. Bachhoffner, on the history, use, and manufacture of gutta serena, pleased us remarkably. It is not only instructive, but highly entertaining, and contains a few salient flights which greatly tend to enliven the audience. He exhibited all sorts of articles manufactured from this newly-discovered article of commerce, from a lady's dress to a wash-hand bowl; from a riding-whip to a German flute. In conclusion, the learned professor, in disabusing his auditors of the idea that there existed any identity between gutta serena and caoutchouc, remarked that the former was infinitely the most useful.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

The directress of the far-famed exhibition of waxwork in Baker-street resembles the managers of our national theatres, who no sooner hear of a *star* than they form an engagement with it. Thus, the instant popular *furor* at home, or Continental commotion abroad, attaches mere publicity, notoriety, fame, or interest to an individual, Madame Tussaud makes room for him amid the crowd of kings, queens, and heroes, who throng her capacious hall, and renders the greatest individuals of the time accessible to all. There is great advantage in this; men like to study the character of those who pull the strings of society, and where the likeness is preserved with such accurate fidelity as must be conceded to be the case at the establishment under notice, a facility is afforded for the formation of a judgment which is nowhere else obtainable; for, presuming that the magnates of our time were as easily to be encountered and seen as St. Paul's on Ludgate-hill, we should yet find it difficult to indulge in a "good stare," without being guilty of the most unpardonable impertinence. At Madame Tussaud's, however, we can gratify curiosity to our hearts' content and make whatever physiognomical deductions we please at our perfect leisure. Here the visitor may, unproved, fix his gaze of admiration upon Jenny Lind, or without censure ogle the Queen, if not herself, in effigy. He may peruse the lineaments of a Guizot, or trace with undisturbed scrutiny the meaning countenance of a Pius, and thus become as familiar with the characteristics of each as though on terms of perfect acquaintanceship with all. We confess that our visits are always fraught with an interest of this nature. We see before us an assemblage of the famed names of antiquity and of modern history, and the romance of their times is at once recalled to memory, and we feel, as it were, an actor in the events. We ask: "Is that the eye that awed a multitude? Are those the lips which charmed a nation? Is that the hand that struck the blow for liberty?" and in the silent look that answers us we gather more than a volume could unfold or the most accurate historian narrate. The collection as it now stands is the most interesting we have visited for years.